

THE SWAN



60 YEARS ON*

(AND STILL REACHING FOR THE STARS)

95-96.

Introduction



The Swan 1995-96

I am writing this introduction at an exciting time in the life of the School. Our new building has just been opened by the Deputy Prime Minister. On 12th and 15th July we will be celebrating 60 years at the Lascelles Road site, although the School's foundation dates from 1912. In September, we will admit our first cohort of Year 7 pupils.

It is my privilege to meet many of the Old Boys and Old Girls of the School and assure them that the School not only values and carries on its proud academic record and traditions, but also adopts the best new ideas.

It was with pride in the School I told the Deputy Prime Minister how our pupils work and play hard, aspiring to realise the motto of the School at its foundation, *Ad Astra*.

Headmistress



School Trips

Year 12 Geography Field Trip to North Wales

On a bright Friday morning in March, the entire Year 12 Geography class left the comforts of home and school, for what we considered to be the "wilderness" of Wales.

Before our departure, I informed all my teachers of the trip, and told them not to expect any homework in the near future. The majority of the teachers were very nice about me missing their lessons, but one, who shall not be named, came out with the comment "It'll be cold and wet" With that in mind, I soon changed my view of the trip from looking forward to it, to dreading it. I, and I dare say everyone else, was expecting the worst weather conditions, for only the week before, it had been snowing in North Wales.

We arrived at the Drapers' Field Centre at Betws-y-Coed, with relatively few problems. The first night, we familiarised ourselves with the Centre, and made special note of the location of the TV room! We met our tutor for the first week, Netty, and she went through the rules and regulations. The biggest disappointment was that we were forbidden from going anywhere near the local pub, which was the only interesting place in Betws-y-Coed.

The first proper working day was the Sand Dunes Day. The weather forecast predicted rain so we equipped ourselves with waterproofs. We arrived at Morfa Harlech, where we had to walk a short distance to the dune area we were to study. We took one look at the dunes, and a state of horror struck us. None of us except for David Abeyta was going to walk up and down such steep gradients or distances. David was a picture of enthusiasm, he would have conquered the world alone, it seemed! So, that day, we walked up dunes and down them again, and the end result was twelve pairs of very tired legs.

The next day we were let loose in three rural villages. We first visited the picturesque(!) village of Blaenau Ffestiniog, the now redundant mining village. There is no way that Blaenau can be missed, because it is a blot on the beautiful National Park landscape. The village is in a state of depression, and its mining history has left it visually scarred. Here we surveyed the village for services of environmental quality, while Netty and Mrs Taylor tested the coffee shops. Our next port of call was the tourist village of Betws-y-Coed, where we amused ourselves watching a fine demonstration of Welsh Rugby. We did the same here as in Blaenau, and Mrs Taylor and Netty rested somewhere. I think the day was a bit too much for our "raring to go" teachers. Our third village was Llanwrst where we repeated the same tasks.

We finished off the day by visiting the local convenience shop, where Sabrina and Ranjana fulfilled their craving for cucumbers. We stocked up on supplies for our midnight feasts, and then returned to the Centre for our longest day of the week workwise.

We analysed and drew graphs - endless numbers of them - but by 9:30 we were free, at which time we all rushed to the only phone that about sixty students had access to. There were two other schools also at the Centre while we were there. That particular night we had trouble using the phone, as the twenty-four boys from the boys' school each had the urge to speak to their girlfriends. But, we got our own back on them with our secret weapon, Hardeep, who definitely knew how to use the phone - there was no doubt about that!

Our third day of labour was spent at the seaside at the shingle beach of Criccieth. Here we tested lots of stones for roundness and drew profiles of the beach at various places - very exciting! That day, we felt our first, and last, drops of rain, but thankfully, it did not last more than a few minutes. We were

School Trips



allowed to drift off towards the sea, where, clad in our waterproofs, we embarked on water fights.

The next day was similar to the previous, in that there was water involved; we got wet; and stones were sampled for roundness. That day we studied the River Conwy. The water was absolutely freezing, but for some lucky people, they did not have to go in, as they were given the important task of recording the data collected. But no river studies day is complete without a water fight (yes, another one). This time, we witnessed a great one between Joseph and David. Both were soaked, but it was good fun.

On our way back to the minibus, we walked over some marshy land. Before doing so, Netty told us to be careful, as we could have got stuck in, and also told us especially not to run across the marsh. What does David do? He ran starting from the dry land, and got stuck when he got to the marsh. He fell on his back, and was extremely wet and dirty.

Our fifth day of work was a fun-filled day of studying soils. For the girls, the day was a breeze. There were three sites that we visited, and for the first, the boys were grouped together, and had to dig a hole about a metre deep, so that they could collect different soil samples within the hole. By the end of that, the lads looked pretty whacked. But the best bit came when we went to the second and third sites, and there were two holes already dug by previous groups. So the girls were let off pretty lightly.

Our sixth and final field trip was a visit to town. We went to Llandudno, a thriving seaside resort. Here we carried out environmental quality surveys and also made up our own tasks. At the beginning of the week, we thought that we would never again see junk food until we got back home to Sluff (as Netty called it). We were wrong. The first thing we demanded when we got to Llandudno, was a visit to McDonalds. This was out of the question, as it was against Netty's principles to go anywhere near a McDonald's restaurant. So, we opted for KFC instead. We devoured every morsel of it, as for the whole week, we had been eating healthy, fresh food, without even a hint of additives or preservatives. After our fulfilling meal, we went and did our made-up tasks.

We set off at 9:30 the next morning, and before we knew it, we were home. The weekend was supposed to be for recovering, but sure enough, we were all catching up with the work we did not complete before our departure, and also finishing off our field work notes. For most of us, this was the first time we had seen such beautiful terrain. Every day was full of wondrous scenery. We were also lucky in missing the bad weather. Just the week after we left, the weather deteriorated in North Wales. We enjoyed the experience extremely as this was our first field trip, and believe it or not, we learnt something too!

Preetika Verma

Biology Field Trip

A Journey into the unknown

27 students, Mr Inger and I assembled promptly at 10:15 am on the platform of Slough Station ready to embark, as the students might put it, on our journey into the unknown. Our destination was darkest Wales; in fact the most South-Westerly tip where Dale Fort Field Centre can be found dangling into the Irish Sea.

As the students shivered on Platform 1 I could not help but picture them doing exactly the same thing on the peninsula where we were heading. However, they seemed suitably attired and possibly a little



School Trips

over-equipped which became more evident as each struggled with his luggage, as they scrambled onto the train. Some pieces of luggage were so large that even Mr Inger could not fit them into the racks. We were convinced that some had portable televisions, microwave ovens, hi-fis, food parcels (which certainly would be surplus to requirements) and even loved ones tucked away.

Our journey was more than comfortable, nothing more than you would expect travelling second class. Unfortunately some of our reserved seats in second class had been taken but we did not complain as we sat back, stretched our legs and sipped our complementary coffee.

Swansea - 3:30pm - the underlying excitement rippled amongst our party, but soon subsided as we boarded the train to Milford Haven. No buffet car and like a dog stopping at every lamp post to mark its territory, the little train trundled along the coast, at one point even going back on itself!

Milford Haven 5:30pm, and for the penultimate leg of our journey. The students were by now quite convinced that they were going to the back of beyond. They certainly were now looking a little travel weary. We twisted our way to Dale village aboard an old coach which knew the journey with its eyes closed (if that were possible for a coach)

Dale 6:00pm - what, no field centre in sight! but only another mile and a half up a hill that the poor old coach could not manage. Like a herd of decrepit sheep we completed the final leg. We had made it!

A few hours later our Sixth Formers were suitably refreshed and had settled into what would be their home for the following week. Admittedly it was quite civilised - we were not quite sure what they had expected.

The next few days would certainly test them both in stamina and intellect. All forms of vanity, dress sense and fashion consciousness were blown off the cliffs at Dale Fort as we arrived, as each new student had now acquired various luminous shades of waterproofs and wellington boots.

Day 1 - surveying species on an exposed rocky shore and one student, not mentioning any names, spotted a pair of right-footed wellingtons just to make the job a little more difficult. Needless to say he sidled along crab-like to Dale Fort beach and no-one could argue that he was not attuned to the spirit of the thing.

Day 2 - surveying species on a sheltered rocky shore, which involved a bracing hike there and back with quadrants, metre stacks and various other field work paraphernalia in tow.

Day 3 - estimating the number of individuals in a population of sand hoppers, using mark and recapture technique which was particularly tricky, whilst wearing marigold glasses and boy could those little beggars jump!

Day 4 - investigating the distribution of habitats of species on a sheltered rocky shore which involved scaling rocky outcrops and hanging on for dear life.

Day 5 - 'Investigation Day' - which provided our students with a final opportunity to push up their coursework marks. That day was certainly there to test them being the wettest and windiest of the week.

School Trips



Day 6 - studying the vegetation with increasing vertical height up a salt-marsh including negotiating a steep and treacherous gully or indeed falling. We have both photographic and video evidence of certain students resembling the creatures of the black lagoon, covered from head to toe in thick black mud.

Day 7 - the boat trip to see the 'Sea Empress' oil tanker, which happened to be responsible for us having to wear the marigolds. We had witnessed some of the devastation of the much-publicised oil disaster and now we were only metres away from the shame-faced guilty party. Something the students will not forget.

Day 8 - the end of a rewarding week. The early and late lectures, long walks and practical work far from the comfort of our school labs would become a memory, not too distant what with the approaching A-levels where I hoped some of the memories would be realised with a wry smile as they sat down to tackle ecology questions on the examination paper.

Mr Inger and I left pot-bellied from the home cooking at the centre and content with the success of the trip. The students left, all-knowing and ecologically 'with it', being able to identify numerous algae, encrusting lichens, molluscs and the like. The morning of our departure was particularly marked, even poignant, as we witnessed the dirty oily beast, the Sea Empress, tethered and being tugged along the horizon to Belfast - a moment of history and the end of an enlightening week.

Mrs H. Eagle

Classical Excursions

Bignor and Butser

In October, a visit to Bignor Roman Villa and Butser Ancient Farm gave Year 10 and 11 pupils studying Classical Civilisation glimpses of two very different ways of life which probably co-existed in Roman Britain. While the Romanised owners of Bignor, near Chichester, in Sussex, were feasting in their centrally heated dining room or relaxing in their own personal suite of baths, their more traditionally-minded neighbours were still living in thatch-roofed, wattle and daub Round Houses, similar to the one which has been re-created at Butser, just south of Petersfield in Hampshire.

At Bignor our time was mostly spent studying the intricate patterns on the mosaic floors, and learning about the construction methods used by craftsmen in creating them. Visitors are permitted to walk on some of the mosaics - a real step back in time!

After lunch, our coach threaded its way back along the winding lanes, until we reached Butser. Unlike Bignor, this is not an actual ancient site, but an experiment in re-creating what an iron-age farm may have been like, using the best archaeological evidence available. In addition to a variety of different buildings and other structures, there is quite an assortment of livestock and ancient breeds, similar to those kept 2000 years ago. As well as gaining a new perspective on rural life in Roman Britain for the majority of the population, pupils were also able to learn about some more ancient technologies - surveying, and the construction of wattle and daub walling.



School Trips

Oxford

February 1st found a coach willed with assorted Classicists heading towards Oxford on the M40. This again was a two-part visit - the main feature being a production of two Greek plays at the Oxford Playhouse, but as a curtain raiser we spent over an hour in the Greek and Roman galleries at the Ashmolean Museum. Here the focus was on drawing and describing a wide range of artefacts, from Greek theatrical masks to Roman medical instruments.

The theatre is conveniently situated across the road from the museum, so we were in good time to take our seats. The programme consisted of a tragedy 'Hecabe', performed in Greek, followed by a comedy, 'Euripides and the Women', in English. These two plays gave us a rare opportunity to experience the contrasting faces of Greek drama - on one hand, powerful tragic themes of betrayal, murder and revenge, and on the other, being satire, knockabout farce and slapstick.

Mrs Timpson

The Lyon Experience

May 1995 marked an innovation for the Classics Faculty. As both the Year 10 Latin and Classical Civilisation groups were studying Roman sport and entertainment, there was an ideal opportunity for fieldwork in an area of France which has unrivalled remains from this era. All the members of the party were studying French also, and the chance for language practice on the spot was an added bonus.

We reached France via the Channel Tunnel, being the first group from the school to use it. The outward journey was unremarkable but a long unexplained halt in the middle of the tunnel on the return did nothing for the nervous!

So what was it like in Lyons? We asked the 'customers':

In general: "I would recommend a visit to Lyon because it is on one of the most beautiful places I have ever been to." (*Shabana*)

The Romans: "The first Roman remains we saw were those of the Roman theatre and Odeon. What was astonishing was the size and steepness of the theatres considering how (comparatively) little was left. We then visited the Gallo Roman museum and saw some astonishingly well-preserved relics of the Romans' stay in France. This included a superb mosaic floor celebrating the popularity of chariot racing." (*Imran*)

"I found this part of my trip memorable because it was the first place we saw and it was interesting to see the actual thing for real rather than read about it in textbooks." (*Shaveta*)

The city: "We've just come back from the best tour ever. The lights, the fountains, the fresh air, it's so nice. I wish I could stay here forever." (*Mandeep*)

"My top memory of the visit to Lyon was the awesome statue / fountain of the horse-drawn chariot of the god. It was truly spectacular, with its detailed carving and close attention to detail. The expressions on the horse's faces were excellent and really showed them struggling to overcome the power of the waves and ocean. At night the view was even more astounding when the statue was lit and new details which were not distinguishable during the day-time were revealed. One of my favourites was the spray which was blown out of the horse's noses - I thought that was a great effect. Also the light falling on the horses created shadows and shading which made the whole thing even

School Trips



more beautiful." (*Saqib*)

"In contrast to London, Lyon is a clean city which makes it more pleasant to walk around. The air is kept cleaner because there are fewer vehicles and the buses, trains etc. operate on electric cables." (*Mital*)

"We tried four different types of metro, the most interesting being the 'funiculaire'; this was an uphill metro which used pulleys and ropes to climb the steep hill." (*Imran*)

"Lyon looked really beautiful because we were at the 'foot' of the hill and could see the city climbing outwards and upwards." (*Lorraine*)

The French: "They had very strange traffic lights. When the green was lit the cars were still allowed to go, but they had to stop if there were any pedestrians who wanted to cross. So each time we thought we would be run over the car actually stopped." (*Wajiha*)

"I found that the people I met were very polite. Unlike in England everyone said 'Bonjour' or 'Bonsoir' whenever we passed. Maybe because they knew we were foreign, but even so they were nice to talk to." (*Shaveta*)

To sum up: "An excellent place to visit and I would definitely recommend the school taking another group there. (I wouldn't mind joining them!)" (*Saima*)

"Lyon était formidable. Je l'aime. Je voudrais y retourner une autre fois." (*Aneeka*).

"Overall, not only I, but I think all of us, had a brilliant time. Speaking for myself and my friends, we never wanted to come back home!" (*Shabana*)

"Lyon for me personally was a really good experience. I got to see a lot of exciting new places and had a really good time. Both Mr Rogers and Mrs Riches were really great and, thanks to them, I spent four days brilliantly". (*Mandeep*)

Need we say more?

Mr Rogers and pupils

Lyon and the Romans

Roman theatres had a certain mechanism for intervals and the ending of performance. This made use of pulleys, ropes and counter-weights. Wholly unlike the curtain drops of today, Roman curtains would rise from a pit which can still be seen. The curtain was made from several different sheets of material, supported by fifteen masts when raised, because they simply didn't have the means to make one large sheet.

The Odeon would have been more of a place to play music and the theatre would have been for plays. The two are very close together, showing that the city was rich enough to build two and that there was a great demand. Lyon was founded around 44BC about the time of Caesar's murder by one of his generals, Plancus. It was an ideal spot because of the two rivers which meet here. It was built on a hill, which made for good defence and, as it grew, it spilled down the hill and beyond. Caesar wanted France for its rich farmland, and because he needed to civilise the country quickly he set up cities. Lyon grew to be very wealthy and important which we can deduce from the fact that it was the only place outside Rome to have a mint.

Amarit Kaila



School Trips

Mr Rogers Goes to Lyon

They say that the city of Lyon is on the very dividing line between the North and the South. As I sit today with my picnic lunch in the Tête d'Or Park, she is a true Southern belle, bathed in the glorious golden glow that we northerners never experience. Trees reach their green clad arms up into the azure as if it were full summer, and the few visitors seek shelter in their shade. All's well with the world it seems.

I, however, am in sombre state. Only the beech trees seem sympathetic to my mood, a glittering of bronze and gilt amidst the green betraying the imminent onset of Autumn. A brisk breeze laughingly sweeps their discarded leaves like so many crisply charred cornflakes a-skittle and a-scuttle across the still summer-green grass, dancing out of the grasp of the keeper's rake and broom. Yes, I am sombre. Les sanglots longs des violons blessent mon coeur....

The number four trolley-bus which has always smoothed my path to this park now guides here no more. The shining power lines are roughly sliced away and the supporting cables droop uselessly from their posts. Pollution free electricity, the propulsion of the future, has been replaced by rattling Renaults spewing sour exhausts into the clear air. Have we learned nothing? Old ladies, unsure of the new arrangements flapped and twittered like skylarks in anxious query. I tried to reassure them. Certainly a bus would come and they would go to the shops. But they could not be reassured. Their voices soared, doubtful, questioning. Late Autumn. Beginning of ends.

I look up savagely as groups of joggers pad by in the midday glare: the younger runners are calm and controlled, whilst the grey heads of the middle aged and older stream with perspiration, their features blotched red and purple with the effort. Fools, I think. A heart attack in the Autumn of your years? I feel real anger. Envy of the power of the young perhaps? In part, perhaps; for I am too in my Autumn.

Thirty years a teacher. Where are the ambitions and ideals of one's youth? In the darkness of my reflections these years of work seem like the shrivelled leaves borne mockingly away or the dead cables rocking in the breeze.

But I forgot. I am in Lyon, that magical old metropolis founded by Quintus Lutatius Plancus on the orders of Julius Caesar, no less. She knows about survival. A mere glance at the Sunday morning craft market along the quais of the Saône reveals how she can inspire so much of creative worth today, just as she did in those long ago Roman times. She will not let me down. Suddenly I remember hearing of the spectacular remains of a Roman aqueduct in the western suburbs I have not seen. Have I time to track it down? Why not? Why not? I hurry off past the celebrated rose garden, a blaze of full summer glory still, eager again for the quest of learning something new.

Though I do not know it, deep beneath my feet in th every marrow of the old city workmen are toiling in their tunnels extending the underground metro system: electric traction has not, after all, had its day. Le réseau avance, runs the publicity slogan, et vous aussi. Yes. In the summer had I not brought a party a party of SGS students here, and had they not felt the city's magic too? If that was not success enough for any teacher, were there not other summers still to come?

Mr Rogers

School Trips



The Jubilee trip to the British Museum Archives

We caught the slightly delayed 12:44 train from Slough railway station to Paddington. After an uneventful trip following a train which seemed to be putting an adhesive substance on the track, very slowly, we arrived at Paddington. We caught the Bakerloo line to Oxford Circus, and then the Central to Holborn. There was then a short walk to the Museum.

We arrived at the Museum exactly fifteen minutes early, so we went to have a brief inspection of the Museum itself. Sixteen minutes later we all entered the museum as a group and asked for the people who were going to see us; a little later the three archivists of the museum arrived.

We were taken to a conference room on the top floor of the Museum, where we were introduced to the Archivists. We spent a fair amount of time in here, while the three people took it in turns to explain our functions as the school's archivists. The main requirements of an archivist are to do with keeping the material in an acid free micro-environment to preserve them. During this session we were shown all the different materials and containers that are used in the archives to protect material that is often centuries old. These are all designed to keep acid and moisture out, and, although expensive, are incredibly good for the job that they do. We also learnt about the environment in which the material is kept; it must be cold, and dry, with as little wood in the structure as possible, and paper clips must be stainless steel or brass, preferably. These are all to prevent the material becoming damaged, the paper clips especially, as they leave rust marks on often valuable documents.

The Archivists were having trouble with the more modern documents in their archive because the paper is of a poorer quality than the paper made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is deteriorating very much faster and is becoming very dog-eared.

We also learnt that it is often necessary to be very firm with those using the archive, and they gave us a set of regulations to give us an idea of the sort of things that might happen. People often damaged material by handling it roughly or leaning on it while making notes; this must be avoided. We also learnt that we should never photocopy any material, and that the best method of reproduction is to take a photograph of the material. This is to prevent fading, damage to book spines and, in general, to prevent any damage. It is also necessary to list the material that has been removed and by whom, so that when it is returned it is easier to find out how any damage may have occurred.

The trip back was very eventful. At Edgware Road on the Bakerloo line we were told to get off the train just one stop from Paddington. A few minutes later we were told to evacuate the station due to a suspicious package somewhere in the station. We could smell burning and walked to the emergency stairs that have 110 stairs going up and 125 stairs going down. As we walked out of the station we saw five fire engines and two police cars. We then had a nice walk to Paddington where a similar scene was being re-enacted. We eventually caught a train back to Slough, and arrived at approximately twenty minutes to six.

Christopher Theobald



Reports

Mathematical Events

Year 10 Maths Day - 21st March 1996

Year 10 students enjoyed a fun-filled day when Professor Fred Piper and his team from Royal Holloway College visited us in March. The students attended talks on a wide range of topics including the secrets of encoding using ciphers, a practical insight to the programming of a 'human robot' and an introduction to chaos. Prof. Piper concluded the day with a session of puzzles and games.

Feedback from the students was very positive and Mrs Lenton, Prof. Piper and I are all keen that this visit should be established as an annual event for Year 10.

We are very grateful to Prof. Piper and his staff for presenting such a stimulating programme of talks for us.

UK Junior Mathematics Challenge -

30th April 1996

On the morning of Tuesday 30th April, the 100 students in Year 8 assembled in the school hall to compete in the 1996 UK Junior Maths Challenge. This year 120 000 students in years 7 & 8 from schools across Great Britain entered.

Vanessa Bull was placed best in the school and also received our only gold award. We were delighted also to receive 6 silver award winners and 15 bronze. Congratulations to all the award winners.

Next year it is hoped that both years 7 & 8 will take part and we look forward to many more awards. If we are fortunate enough to have any entrants placed in the top 500, they will be invited to go forward to the UK Junior Maths Olympiad.

Mrs Rixon

Sixth Form Chemistry Conference April 96

The recent introduction by the London board of a modular A-level syllabus made the advent of this year's conference very attractive. The candidates for this year's modular examinations voted with their feet with a near 100% take-up of places to the conference. The format of the conference reflected the new modular syllabus being divided into four half-day sessions.

The first day focused on the work covered in the Lower Sixth. This was attended by almost all the Lower Sixth and, with the all-embracing synoptic paper in mind, many in the Upper Sixth. The speakers included both a senior examiner and the chief examiner. The subjects were chosen to represent both the traditionally difficult topics like Redox and Equilibria as well as the bread and butter topics such as Structure and Bonding, and Energetics.

The second day covered those topics to be examined in the final two modules and were only of interest to the Upper Sixth. Once again the calibre of lectures was high and greater emphasis was placed on the newer subject matter that had been introduced to the modular syllabus. In particular the talk on "Applications of Organic Chemistry" cleared up many candidates' (and teachers') minds as to the depth expected. The spectre of the newly introduced "Raoult's law" too was exorcised by a straight forward explanation of the kind of questions which were likely to be asked. The final session finished

Reports



with a talk by the chief examiner on "Examination technique" in which he pointed out the candidates did not need to know everything - they could obtain an 'A' grade with complete knowledge of only 75% of the syllabus. As one of our pupils pointed out, "We can all sleep easy tonight!"

ICI Young Scientists Project

From November last year to February this year something strange has been happening in Lab 24. A group of fanatical, hunched pupils have been busy measuring leaves, counting seeds and flicking through Science manuals.

The ICI project was open to all in Years 8 and 9, and to start with we had about 12 to 14 members, all eager for something to do. Many left due to lack of interest or sheer boredom, and soon we were down to seven loyal pupils. As some of us later said, it was like 'Snow White and the Seven Pupils'.

Our 'Show White' was Mr O'Brien, while his second in command was Miss Pentelow.

Our task was to research a number of areas, and on the Big Day present our studies and observations to a panel of judges. We had three areas: the germination and growth of plants, human variations and the extinction of the dinosaurs.

For the first area we took different types of seed: Marrow, Sunflower, Canterbury Bells, Salvia, Thyme and the like. (We often nick-named the plants, like 'Canterbury Boards' and 'Saliva')

We also took two types of grass and grew them in three different conditions: under a tin foil covering, under a cling-film canopy and without a covering of any sort. We grew them in the Greenhouse and observed the progress every week.

For the second area we took measurements of different people; their height, weight, handspan, foot length, leg length - and compared the data. We also had a discussion on twins, especially identical twins.

For the third area we researched magazines, Science manuals and copies of 'Dinosaur Monthly', collecting together different theories of how the dinosaurs became extinct. Some were reasonable and some were outlandish (whoever heard of the invasion of the killer caterpillars?)

On the Big Day five of us journeyed to Shire Hall, near Reading, to present our scientific data to the panel.

Although we didn't come anywhere near the finals, it was still well worth the effort.

Daniel Wallis

Duke of Edinburgh Scheme - Bronze Award

On Friday 19th April, after school, a group of us left to do our first overnight camping expedition. We went by minibus to Hurley Lock with Mrs Brown, Mrs Sutton and Miss Kelleher.

The first thing we had to do was to put up the tents which was easier said than done. Following this we went canoeing on the River Thames, not that we spent much time in the canoes! Completely soaked,



Reports

we now had to cook dinner on very modest paraffin stoves. After an inordinate amount of time we ate our Cordon Bleu meal (we consumed more carbon than anything else).

After the "meal", we went on a night walk which took us up a rather steep hill, through woodland, across fields (and cow pats), through mud and back again, eventually to our campsite. Cold and wet (especially cold and wet feet), I was hoping for a hot shower but unfortunately it was not working. So we clambered into our tents and tried to fall asleep, which was rather difficult as the ground was very hard and the temperature had dropped; we were told this was mild weather! No sooner had I fallen asleep than Mrs Brown was throwing us out of our tents. We found ourselves covered in dew and some of us had severe backache.

After breakfast we packed up our gear and loaded it and ourselves into the minibus and returned safely to school. We then departed for civilisation and home.

It was, for many of us, an interesting and unforgettable experience. We now look forward to the next expedition.

Aimee Griffiths

Young Enterprise 1995/6

In September 1995 a group of about twenty Sixth-Formers joined together to form a Young Enterprise company, which was duly named Legend. The Young Enterprise programme aims to help students learn about business in the real world by experiencing it for themselves.

At the beginning we were all very eager and excited. Our first task was to appoint a Managing Director; elections were then held to choose directors for the finance, marketing, production and personnel departments, and to appoint a Company Secretary. Following this, the rest of the employees were allocated to work in specific departments.

However, despite our enthusiasm Legend did not have a very promising start. Right from the beginning we had a lot of obstacles to get over; the main one being that due to the failure of past Young Enterprise companies the students were not very keen to invest in ours. Consequently, our initial share capital was very small which greatly narrowed down the options of what we were able to do. Combine that with the fact that it took us a month and a half to finally decide what we were going to do, and you can see that we started off with a lot of problems.

Sadly things went from bad to worse. Our first two ventures, though well-researched, failed, and the company was suffering from poor morale and ineffective organisation. Legend had originally decided to produce one-of-a-kind Christmas cards and to hold a pool competition, but in both cases the production team ran into problems - the Christmas card venture was dropped because they were not going to be produced in time, and although the pool competition was already organised with fifty people entered, it had to be cancelled when an affordable second-hand table could not be found. The students were certainly not very happy; we received many complaints about our apparently fraudulent behaviour by accepting money for a competition which had not yet gone ahead. When the competition was eventually cancelled and everybody was refunded, the school completely lost faith in our abilities and our company became known as a joke.

At this time the Managing Director consequently had a lot of problems, because the employees had lost faith in him and themselves. Legend's business plan had been to carry out these two ventures, and

Reports



later in February to have Valentine's Day rose delivery service - clearly the company had so far failed to perform according to its business plan. And now only eight out the original twenty employees remained; our other colleagues all having either resigned or been fired. At this point the directors were ready to close the company at a loss because it was not succeeding at all and there was a lot of conflict on the Board, especially with the Managing Director. However the Board quickly realised that the Managing Director was the main problem because he no longer wanted to be part of the company. The other directors were eager to try and make a success of the business, and therefore following the resignation of our Managing Director, Vanita Sharma was appointed.

The business plan was revised; the Valentine's Day rose delivery service was to go ahead, including the sale of message scrolls, and a basketball competition was to be held at Easter. The structure of meetings was also revised, becoming more organised, and new personnel policies were set in the hope of improving morale. These efforts proved successful as the company directors pulled together and began to work as a team, and consequently within two months these two ventures were carried out.

The Valentine's Day rose delivery service was highly successful. We advertised it daily in assembly and put up posters around the school; confidentiality was of course assured. Our sales reps took down the orders in Room 37, and despite slow sales at first, as the celebrated day came closer business rapidly increased. In fact we actually had to purchase more stock as demand was so great. In the end we sold eighty roses (at two pounds each) and thirty-seven message scrolls (at thirty pence each). Miraculously we managed to deliver all of them, according to plan in the five minutes we had before assembly. Our customers were all very pleased with the service they received, and Legend's popularity was greatly increased.

In March, Legend then held its basketball competition. In order to improve our public relations we offered the pool competition entrants first priority to enter. The competition was run on a knock-out basis with eight teams of four. Each team was charged four pounds to enter. The competition was popular with all members of the school; spectators came in droves every day to watch the matches, despite the entrance fee of 20 pence which was then raised to thirty pence for the final. Certificates were awarded to the winners and the runners-up, with the winners also receiving MGM cinema tickets as part of their prize. However, to the pupils' dismay, the teachers' team "OAP Rams" (with Mr Steene, Mr Riley, Mr Inger and Mr Bright) won the competition!

Both ventures were profitable in financial terms and the company directors have gained a wealth of experience as a result, because we began to pull together and work as a team. When Legend initially proved unsuccessful the directors aimed to generate enough profit to be able to at least cover the shareholder's investments; however, the company has now surpassed this target and we estimate that we will be able to return our shareholders' investments with a dividend of 25%. Legend has been quite profitable considering that its turnover of £271.60 was made in only 2 months.

In the end our determination to be a success paid off. We managed to change our consumer opinion drastically from a complete lack of faith in the organisation, to one of great confidence and trust, resulting in high demand for Legend to run further services. We also managed to become finalists in the Young Enterprise Area Board Competition for which we received a plaque, and those of us who sat the Young Enterprise exam all achieved successful results. We have certainly all learnt a great deal about business from our experience, but that's not all - we learnt that with good team-work, communication, planning and determination we could achieve anything!

Vanita Sharma



Reports

Community Service

Community service is a very useful option which the school offers as an extra-curricular activity. It provides an opportunity for the pupils to get out in to the 'real world' and be a part of an environment in which they may want to work.

There are many different establishments in which you can offer your services; for example, a middle or primary school, a hospital or nursery or an old people's home. You are then placed in your chosen establishment for two terms and then visit it once a week as part of your PE option. This gives you a chance to get to know the people you are working with and build up a good relationship with them. It also gives you an insight into the advantages and disadvantages of that particular line of work.

I opted for a primary or middle school, and was placed in Montem Middle School, with Year 7 (11-12 year olds). I was quite pleased with my placement, as I have considered a career in primary education; however, I was hoping to be working with the lower part of the school, but was told that year 7 was more of a challenge and would help me to understand what was involved in being a primary school teacher.

The particular class which I was placed in was actually the same class which I was in when I was in Year 7. At first I just sat in on classes with the teacher, and helped individuals with their work, such as reading, spelling and even colouring! This was mainly getting to know all of the children in the two joint classes.

After a few weeks, I was allocated a reading group; this involved about thirty to forty minutes of group reading, whereby everybody took it in turns to read a page. This helped the children in both their reading skills and also their confidence when reading in front of a crowd.

This was at first quite an unusual situation to be placed in, as I was the person whom they looked to for 'right and wrong'. They relied on me to correct their reading and also encourage and praise them when they had performed well. I was, in a sense, placed in an unfamiliar position of authority, and it was this sort of situation which helps you to modify and improve your organisational skills as well as your ability to relate to different people.

I also helped the children with their CDT work, mainly because they weren't allowed to use certain electrical appliances. CDT is an essential part in allowing the children to expand and apply their creativity, as well as develop their practical skills.

It was very interesting working with the children, it was also very challenging as they were so inquisitive and are almost like sponges just waiting to absorb all the knowledge they can obtain.

Community service is very beneficial in career choices, or just as a way of interacting with people in different environments. I think it's a very good idea for anybody who likes to interact with a lot of different people, and who enjoys a challenge, with a great deal of satisfaction at the end.

Hardeep Juttla

Reports



The Tate

Years 10 and 11 Art groups had been given the chance to visit the Tate and the acclaimed Cézanne exhibition. This exhibition was the only opportunity to see Cézanne's work exhibited in full in 60 years.

The Tate itself is a large building in the heart of London. The most memorable piece of architecture are the wide marble steps that lead to the front doors. Our groups entered the building by the permanent Turner exhibition. Turner was an English artist who was renowned for his landscapes and war scenes. His paintings seemed blurred which we later found out was due to cataract.

Additional information could be gained through tours which went around certain exhibitions led by experienced guides. Throughout the exhibition rooms the decoration is the same; white walls and wooden floor boards which I think is so that the public's attention is not distracted from the paintings or sculptures.

From the Tate exhibition you enter the main building which has a main hall with rooms coming off it. The rooms are not of a specific artist but they do have themes such as Cubists and Still Life. It was nice to see the variety of media which were used as there was metal and clay as well as the usual use of oil paint.

The queue to get into the Cézanne exhibition was at least an hour's wait but as we had received our tickets before-hand, we walked straight through, much to the disgust of the people queueing.

Cézanne's work was been laid out in his life's period which in a way was also a collection of styles.

The exhibition was interesting and you learnt a lot more about Cézanne and the history of Art. It was a very valuable experience.

Michelle Wells

Theatre in Education

Theatre in Education is designed, if it is possible, to combine entertainment with information. In this way the audience learns something new while at the same time enjoying themselves. It is hard to blend pleasure and education to get the right balance. If it is too informative, then the piece tends to become boring, yet if it is made very amusing, then the script is usually less enlightening. We overcame this problem, by making the actions eccentric rather than having the words funny. We also had males dressed up as women.

Before deciding on what to perform, the group has to first decide the age group they want the audience to be, which will then determine the message to be learnt. We wanted to perform for children younger than ourselves - perhaps Year 7's - who are soon to move schools. We chose this as a theme to work around, and we felt that it had many possibilities. Just before changing schools, most people are anxious and nervous, so we felt that it might be useful for them to have a bit of support and encouragement. We all know how people feel in that sort of situation, and anything we could do to help can't have been bad.

After deciding on these points the hardest choice to make was what we were going to perform. Rather than make our own piece entirely, we decided to base ours around another play. Children would only be able to make the link if they knew the story well, so a well-known children's story was needed. We



Reports

chose Alice in Wonderland because most of the children should know it. There are also a lot of zany characters which should work well and keep the audience interested. These sort of characters are good to act out, and great to watch.

We were all given different jobs to do as well as acting. Some people worked on directing, production, stage management, advertising, costumes, choreography and music; so the task of re-writing and editing a new script was down to several people.

When I was eleven I had the problem of not understanding jokes that were made to me by older people. We had the problem of making jokes that were suitable for the audience, and ones that they would understand. In the performances, it was evident that the children didn't get some of the jokes yet the teachers did.

Although the play we performed confronted the problem of changing schools, in our point of view it didn't really solve the children's fears or worries. Because of this, we decided that it might be best if we held a drama workshop in small groups after the performances, to help them face their fears. In these it was decided that we would not only let them act and have a few games, but we would also make it clear to them that a new school isn't really all that bad. In most groups, these workshops proved an effective way of getting across the message that going to a new school may well be a challenge, but that you can gain a lot out of such an experience.

Stuart McAvoy

Music

The year opened with a flurry of rehearsals for one of the many events when school musicians make a contribution. Catherine McAvoy, who had only recently joined us, gave a rendition of the "Last Post" during our Remembrance Assembly, and the Choir performed at the Merit Awards and Prizegiving.

Regular fortnightly lunchtime recitals took place and, curiously, gained bigger audiences when we moved the venue to the smaller music room. One of the most memorable occasions was the farewell to Mr Whennall our singing teacher of the last two years when we heard a rocked-up version of "When the Saints" for 4 hands, one piano; and Tishana Hodge (Y9) performed the World Première of her Folk Rap.

One of the bigger occasions is the School Carol Concert, and this year our service of Nine Lessons and Carols, with worship led by the Rev. Cullingworth, took place in early December. The Choir was an all-female line-up comprising both staff and pupils. They excelled themselves in traditional and new items. "The Holly and the Ivy" was re-instated as SGS' hardy annual, and the School's Brass Ensemble made its debut performance with several fanfares. Next year will be our 60th Carol Service and we are hoping to include former students and staff. More news on this on 12th July.

In May the annual Arts Evening took place and the School's musicians presented a varied section of the programme based on "The Old and the New", including an 'Oasis' number by Russell Howarth and a Mozart aria "Voi che sapete" by Jennifer Holly.

On June 28th the Choir made a public appearance with the Brass Ensemble when the Deputy Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Michael Heseltine MP, arrived at the School to open the new building.

The school is fortunate to boast a particularly strong Year 10 and Year 12 in music this year. We thank them for their splendid contributions and wish them all the best for next year's GCSEs and A-levels.

Mrs J. West

Reports



Arts Evening

Each year our Arts Evening provides an opportunity for the best work in the areas of Art, Drama, Music and Dance to be presented to parents, staff, governors and friends of the school.

The evening began with an opportunity for our visitors to view the GCSE and A-level Art Exhibition. Students who had produced the work were on hand to show and explain the outcome of their respective 2 year courses.

From 7:30pm performances of Drama, Music and Dance took place in the hall. Each year a different theme is chosen to provide a link for such a varied programme. This year in line with our 60th Birthday celebrations we had chosen the theme of 'The Old and The New'.

The School Choir, our Brass Ensemble and soloist vocal instrumentalists performed a range of musical styles from classical through to pop.

The Drama reflected the output from our first cohort of students taking the subject for GCSE. A wide range of pieces were performed including improvisations, movement and mime work devised by the students themselves, and a costumed set piece from Oscar Wilde's 'Lady Windermere's Fan'.

The Dance items developed from the school's participation in the Berkshire Dance Gala and reflected the wide cultural heritage that we are able to draw upon at the school.

Mr Rogers, our Head of Classics, acted as compère and kept our audience informed of each item's relevance to our chosen theme. Interval refreshments were served by our Parents - Staff Association.

The evening was both entertaining and informative. Many parent visitors commented on the high standards of the work in all areas of the Arts at the school.

Mrs A. Brown

The Old and The New

<i>Item</i>	<i>Composer</i>		<i>Performer</i>	<i>Yr</i>
Ad Astra - SGS School Song	Rowley 1953	choral	SGS School Choir	
Now is the month of Maying	Morley 1595	choral	SGS School Choir	
Movement Episode	Devised by Y11, 1996	drama	Drama Group	11
Prepared Presentation	Oscar Wilde, 1894	drama	Drama Group	10
"Live forever"	Oasis, 1995	electric guitar	Russel Howarth	10
Earl Salisbury's Pavane	W. Byrd, 1592	brass work	SGS Brass Ensemble	8-10
"Voi che sapete"	W. Mozart, 1765	soprano solo	Jenny Holly	12
"East meets West"	Arr. Mrs Childs, 1996	dance	SGS Dance Group	8-10
<i>Interval of 20 minutes</i>				
Memories are made of this	Arr. Mrs Childs, 1996	dance	SGS Dance Group	8-10
"Invention"	Lutoslawski, 1990	piano solo	Heidi Kubba	10
Lento and Andante	Gluck, 1725	flute solo	Julia Short	10
"Danse Macabre"	Gregson, 1985	trumpet solo	Catherine McAvoy	10
"The Hollow Men"	Eliot, arr Y10, 1996	drama	Drama Group	10
Prepared presentation -				
The News and Weather	Devised by Y11, 1996	drama	Drama Group	11
"Intermezzo"	Schumann, 1839	piano solo	Elizabeth McAvoy	12
Hymn	Palestrina, 1574	choral	SGS Choir	
"Consider yourself" from <i>Oliver</i>	Bart, 1960	choral	Choir and Cast	



Reports

Dance Club

The Dance Club has had two successful performances this year : one at South Hill Park Arts Centre in Bracknell, the other at the School Arts evening.

"East meets West" was a combination of Indian classical steps and contemporary style. For the first half of the year, Simiriti Sharma kindly took a warm-up and taught the class some Indian dance moves. Jasmine Childs developed some contemporary dance sequences and the class learned these.

It had seemed only natural to incorporate these styles into one dance. Mrs Childs found a piece of music which combined the 2 styles. This was from a film track called "Blue in the Face"

Elisha Chisholm, Priya and Shelley Paul brought in their Indian dance clothes and decided to wear these. By contrast, Serena Harflette, Rebecca Keenan, Jasmine and Carina Brown wore mini-skirts and lycra tops.

The theatre at South Hill Park was packed for the event with standing room only. The girls were able to watch all the other schools which participated in the gala. The Slough Grammar dance had the distinct advantage of a mix of 2 different styles, which made it unique.

An extra dance was created for the School Arts Evening. Jasmine suggested using the theme tune to "Inspector Morse". She and Serena worked hard to create a tight, interesting piece of choreography which they taught to the rest of the group. Mrs Childs bought some costumes in various shades of blue and green and a haunting piece called "Memories" was completed.

Well done to all the girls who took part!

Mrs Childs is hoping to start a GCSE dance flexi-session next year, so if any of you are interested, it is a wonderful way to get fit, as well as developing coordination and confidence.

Mrs Childs

The Parents Staff Association

All parents of children attending Slough Grammar School are automatically members of the Parents Staff Association (PSA). The PSA exists to promote links between the school and parents and has a number of objectives. It organises social and fund-raising activities for parents, pupils, staff and friends of the school, arranges information sessions on matters of educational interest and also helps by providing refreshments at a number of school functions.

The activities of the PSA are organised by a committee of parents and staff. The Headmistress is the Association's President, and the officers of the committee comprise a Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer. There are approximately 20 members of the committee.

The committee meets regularly (about twice per term) to organise activities and plan for future events.

Education activities

The PSA has, in the past, organised information sessions for parents on Science in the National Curriculum, and on Technology. It is currently arranging an evening when parents can come in to school to hear about Information Technology and see the range of computer facilities available for pupils.

Reports



Social Activities

The PSA has, over the last few years, organised a number of social activities for parents, pupils and staff. These have included Quiz Evenings (both for parents and pupils), Barbecues and a Race Evening.

Fund-Raising Activities

The PSA regularly raises between £1500 and £2000 per year. The main "money-spinners" are the Autumn Fayre which takes place in September or October, and the Spring Draw which takes place at around Easter.

At the Autumn Fayre there are many stalls selling toys, books, plants, cakes etc. and others offering games of skill or chance. The event is very well attended by parents, pupils and staff and a successful tombola and raffle always help to swell the coffers!

The Spring Draw brings in around £700 profit each year from the tickets sold by pupils, parents and friends. The prizes are often donated by parents and local companies and this contributes significantly to the success of the Draw.

The money raised by the PSA is ploughed straight back into the school and is used to support pupil learning and extra-curricular activities. In recent years the PSA has contributed significantly to the buying of a new mini-bus, has bought tape-recorders for class-room use, a video-recorder, computer software and even a computer! The committee's policy is to use money as effectively as possible for the direct benefit of pupils.

No report on the activities of the PSA can be complete without reference to the hard work of the committee members. Invidious though it sometimes is to mention names, the contributions of some long-serving members deserve special mention. The current Chairman, Mr Colin Morris, has put many hours of his own time into the School and is frequently available to help out with School functions and School visits. Mrs Anne Davies, the Vice-Chairman, Mrs Sue Hunter, the Secretary, and Mrs Gina Muir have also given freely of their time helping out whenever necessary, ensuring that there are sufficient refreshments for school functions and serving thousands of teas, coffees, biscuits etc. to parents, pupils and staff at a whole range of functions. Without dedication such as this the PSA could not function as it does.

Mr Brown



Reports

The New Building

In mid 1995 the Fax Machine delivered a message that the Secretary of State for Education had agreed to sanction a change in the age of transfer commencing in September 1996. Although this was exciting news it also presented a major challenge. Where would we put those extra children while still accommodating growing numbers in other age groups, particularly in the VIth form?

An application was made to the Funding Agency for Schools for a grant to build. Consultations were held with our architect, Derek Hampshire. The application process involved the FAS looking at projections of pupil numbers, confirming the accuracy of the information supplied by us and then applying a formula for the amount of space and facilities a given number of children would require.

"In principle" confirmation of a grant was received very quickly. It was then up to the School and its Governors to prepare and submit detailed plans and costings. Our family holiday had already been booked as a self-drive tour of the USA for the first two weeks in August and as we reached hotel check-ins, we received faxes of costings and drawings. These had to be checked and replied to by 'phone or by fax.

On my return from holiday, the pressure mounted. Our Chairman of Governors took a key rôle in discussing plans. Mr Inger, as Head of Science, was consulted about laboratory requirements. Detailed drawings began to be prepared but what made the project particularly special was that, as a GM School, we were able to say what we wanted.

As the funding was conditional on work being completed by September 1996, planning permission had to be obtained promptly. We had to deal with issues such as the congestion in Lascelles Road, where we stressed to the planners that many St Bernard's parents and buses also used the road.

The tender process was a nail-biting time as the quotes could not be higher than the sums calculated by us and approved by the FAS. As the architect opened the documents, our faces became more relaxed as we were told we would be able to build within the budget granted.

Screens were erected around the site and the Council allowed us to encroach into Lascelles Park so that delivery lorries could move around the School buildings. Work began in November. Knowles the builders, have been superb and weekly meetings with them sorted out minor issues. Staff have been very patient, despite some minor noise and disruption.

On 28th June, we saw the realisation of all our planning when the Rt. Hon. Michael Heseltine MP, the Deputy Prime Minister, opened our new building. We now have two laboratories, a prep room, three classrooms, and toilets that include provision for the disabled. The building has features we wanted, such as storage space and an area for lockers. It is also in sympathy with the existing buildings.

That the building has been designed, approved and built within budget so quickly is a tribute to the dedication and efficiency of the Governors, the Sites and Buildings Committee, the architect, Knowles the Builders, Slough Borough Council Planning Officials and not least the Funding Agency for Schools.

We now have a good facility for our additional students. The next problem is the construction of ancillary facilities.

Headmistress

Work Experience



Work Experience at Commerce House

For my 2 weeks of work experience I went to Business Links at Commerce House. The aim and purpose of this business is to put businesses in touch with each other. The first day I went into Business Links I was a little nervous as I didn't know anyone, but as soon as I met everyone and was introduced it was fine. I was introduced to everyone in the building, so I felt very welcome.

I was working in an office-type environment. My rôle was to be an assistant to the two people I worked with, and I mainly did office duties. The typical type of daily routines I had were: answering the phone, taking messages, making and sending faxes, photocopying, working on the computer database and franking all the letters ready to be sent out.

One of the tasks I was given was to find a company that would provide 2 tonnes of frozen chicken for another company. I had to look in the books and company database, and provide a list of names and addresses of companies that could provide this service. This was very challenging. I also then went ahead and phoned various companies asking for quotes.

The people that I worked with were very kind to me and made me feel welcome. They always told me to ask for help when I needed it and not be afraid; this built up my confidence. I have gained a lot of experience and this has helped me to relate to the real working world, and has helped me to understand the procedures of working.

I thoroughly enjoyed the two weeks and it gave me a lot of experience.

Hardeep Chahal

Work Experience at Harris and Cartwright

I spent my two weeks of work experience working in a small solicitors' firm. The name of the company was Harris and Cartwright. I worked with four other people: Mr Walters the solicitor, Vicky his assistant, and the two secretaries Pat and Beverly. All of the people were very helpful and friendly.

On my first day I was nervous because I did not know anyone. By lunch time I was less nervous. I was told about the company and about the work that I was going to do. I did the same work every day. I had a routine of opening the post first thing in the morning. I would open the post and stamp it, to show on which day the post was received. That took me about ten minutes. I would then do some photocopying and faxing. On my third day I was asked to make some phone calls.

There are 3 branches: Langley, Slough and Burnham. I was at Langley and they deal with housing. There were clients coming in all day about selling their house and buying a new house. There was a lot of paperwork. Each client had a file and there were filing cabinets in five rooms. There were so many files! Mr Walters would dictate letters onto tapes and the secretaries would type them out; this was easy because you can keep rewinding the tape if you need to and you can adjust the speed of the dictation. I typed out around five letters every day. Sometimes Mr Walters wanted the letter to be faxed straight away and sometimes it was just sent off in the post.

Every afternoon before we left the office we all had to put the letters into envelopes and then stamp them. The stamping was not difficult because we used a franking machine. It is so much easier than having to stick the stamps on. Harris and Cartwright use the post and the DX. We then had to sort out the post into two piles, one for the DX and one for the post. The post would then be taken to the post office and the DX would be put in a box in another solicitor's office. There is an estate agents next to



Work Experience

Harris and Cartwright; they all help each other out by taking and collecting post for each other.

There was a lot of computer work involved. Most of my time was spent on the computers. In the office there were four computers. Every member of staff had their own desk and computer. They all had a phone; the fax machine, photocopier and the typewriter were shared.

My work experience was fun and I learnt a lot.

Purvi Nakarja

Two weeks Work Experience at South Bucks Council

I started my BTEC course in Business and Finance with some trepidation; I did not know what to expect. However, I found out later that I had little to worry about. The work was not simple, but this was expected, the students were friendly and the teachers were tough but altogether very helpful.

When I was told that we had two weeks work experience I thought, heaven! I had already been to work experience at my previous school, this being at Slough Magistrates Court. I had the time of my life there, and learnt a great deal too, but I had little to do except for watching court proceedings. When I was told that I was going to South Bucks Council, my first reaction was, WHERE? I had never heard of it before and did not even know what went on there. Another student in my year was placed at South Bucks Council too, so I was not that worried. As I did not know anything about this place I thought that I should not pre-judge it.

I phoned my supervisor at work to confirm my placement and he seemed very friendly. Finally the day arrived for me to start my work experience. I arrived ten minutes early and was greeted by the receptionist. I waited for the other student to arrive, and when she did we were taken upstairs to meet our supervisor, Patrick. He was friendly and I took an instant liking to him, as he was very jolly. The basic tasks that I did on my first day were photocopying, being shown the building and filing some documents. Not a very stimulating day to say the least! So my first day did not go very well. The work that I did was repetitive; photocopying, filing, faxing, basically general office work. I was asked to draw up some graphs using some figures from an equal opportunities questionnaire, on a lap-top. I enjoyed this very much. It meant that I could show my true ability and use my initiative in doing this task. I did have a few problems, the main one being that the lap-top crashed and the files that I had saved were wiped off. However, I had plenty of time spare so I re-did everything, this time saving everything on a disk.

My working hours were 9-4:30, which I felt was reasonable, and it was basically the same thing day in, day out. Also, the people working there were very much older than me, however they were friendly.

My time working at South Bucks Council was very different to that at Slough Magistrates Court. This made me realize that having an interest in the work that you do is very, very important. I learnt that working life is not easy and not always interesting. There may be times when you have a task to do which is not very enjoyable or interesting, but nevertheless it has to be done. I think that, basically, I have had contrasting experiences of working life, which I feel is very good. This is because I know that chasing the best career for myself, one that I am interested in, is very important. And as I have been told time and time again, the only way to achieve this is by studying hard and achieving the appropriate grades.

Jasbir Banse

From the Archives



School Opening

The School was officially opened on the evening of Friday, November 13th, by Sir Leonard West, Chairman of the Bucks County Council. In his speech, he remarked how the building of the school had been delayed, chiefly through the economic crisis, the plans having been ready more than six years ago. The school was, he said, the largest secondary school built by the County authority, and the building of it revealed very vividly the growth in secondary education in Slough, and reflected that growth in the life of the country. Nearly twenty-five years ago, when the Slough Secondary School was opened, there were fifty-one pupils. In the interval, taking the boys' and girls' schools together, the number had increased threefold in the same period. This great increase in the number of places provided opportunities for all sections of the community, since a large percentage were free places, and even those pupils who paid full fees were paying only about half the cost of the education received.

This growth in secondary education, Sir Leonard went on to say, had been supplemented by a growth in the numbers proceeding to the universities. About half the scholarships and exhibitions awarded at Oxford and Cambridge to say nothing of the younger universities, were obtained by secondary school pupils; and of these about two-thirds originally came from the elementary schools. Here in Slough, more of these opportunities were being provided.

Sir Leonard congratulated Mr Riley on the school he had designed, and said that he had great pleasure in declaring it officially open.

In his speech which followed, the Headmaster, Mr E.R. Clarke, appealed to parents first of all to co-operate with him in ensuring the safety of boys cycling to the school. He estimated that every week three thousand boy cyclists passed in and out of Lascelles Road on to the Bath Road, and emphasised that throughout the country on an average one cyclist was killed each day, and most of them young people between eleven and sixteen years of age. A rule had been made that boys dismounted before crossing the road, and warnings were frequently repeated as to the dangers of heedless or foolhardy riding. Mr Clarke wished parents to see that the boys' bicycles were in good order and that the boys knew the Highway Code recommendations for cyclists.

Mr Clarke's second appeal was that more boys might be allowed to remain at school for advanced work when they had proved their ability at the School Certificate examinations. Parents seemed to fear, he said, that it became more difficult for boys to find employment if they remained at school after the age of sixteen. He assured them that higher school work would benefit the boys both materially and culturally, and that not only were the chances of obtaining employment greater, but the type of post found was invariably better and the opportunities of such posts were correspondingly wider.

Councillor E.T. Bowyer, seconded by Alderman H.L. Darvill, proposed the vote of thanks, which was warmly accorded to Sir Leonard West.

The parents were entertained in the School Hall afterwards by a programme of films, including that of the Secondary Sports of July, 1936. They were also able to examine the building and see some of its equipment in the laboratories and rooms for special subjects.



From the Archives

The Airman (1941)

Oh for the life of an airman
Flying so high in the sky,
Waging war on the Nazis,
Bringing them down from on high.

Diving and swerving, twisting and turning,
Keeping a watchful eye.
Guarding the coast of Britain
From the invader of the sky.

My Sister (1942)

My sister in the A.T.S.
Looks very smart in her battle-dress,
She's joined up to do her bit,
The life has made her very fit.

She has a little tin hat too,
She stands beside a nine point two,
And every morn she dusts her gun,
She hopes it soon will hit a Hun.

So, when I'm old enough, I guess
I'll go and join the A.T.S.
And like my sister I will be
Doing my best for Victory.

Perpignan (1957)

The holiday planned by Messrs Collin and Purvis was to entail spending eleven days in Perpignan in the South of France and two days in Paris.

We made an early start and after crossing the Channel via Folkestone and Boulogne reached Paris at 5:30pm where we were taken to L'Institut Montagne for our first French meal which, incidentally, was not snails and frogs' legs.

We departed to catch the Barcelona Express to the south none too early, and flung ourselves on to an already moving train.

We found our so-called "reserved" seats occupied by some most unobliging Spanish soldiers so some of us spent the journey through the night in the corridor. To console himself one of the boys drank a

From the Archives



litre of red wine and was slightly(?) merry for the rest of the trip.

We arrived in Perpignan twelve hours later smelling of French hair-oil and garlic to be greeted by blazing sunshine and our guide, Mam'selle Marie José Pugol, who escorted us to the Lycée Arago where we were to make our stay.

A very hot but interesting morning was spent at the local Mediterranean beach, Canet Plage. Immediately on arrival we peeled off our clothes, donned bathing costumes, entered the warm blue water and took very little notice of Mr Collins' warning of "No more than 10 minutes in the sun."

That night some of us went to see the street dancing and entered into a gesticulatory conversation with the local inhabitants. We crawled in for bed an hour and a half late.

While waiting for the inevitable breakfast of rolls and coffee it was noticed from the empty places that the previous day's sun had taken its toll. In the morning we browsed, fascinated, around the shops and markets and spent the afternoon at the Palace of the Kings of Majorca. The evening was spent by many in the very English "sport" of pillow fighting.

The following day the local swimming pool was invaded by a horde of pink English schoolboys. In the afternoon, some of us who were devils for punishment invaded Canet Plage for another "bake-up" but this time fortified with "Ambre Solaire" sun-tan lotion.

On our coach trip the next day we visited Valmy, Argeles, Collioure, Baryuls and Carbere. At Valmy and Baryuls we spent an enjoyable time wine-tasting. On a later trip to Thuir we saw the world's largest wine vat in the Byrrh wine caves. One of the highlights of this trips was the walk across the Spanish Border for which we actually had to put our shirts on. Very particular those Spanish.

We later went on a visit to Fort Romeau in the Pyrenees and saw St. Georges Gorge, a very impressive scene where a rapid stream had cut an 800-foot deep path in the mountain.

A variety of things happened in the next few days; a freak electric storm, a trip to a bullfight at Ceret from which we returned full of the details of the gory death of the unfortunate bulls. A small group of us obtained permission to see the stars of the "Tour de France" cycle race in a sprint match at the local stadium.

A trip was arranged to Prades, the home of Pablo Cassales, the Cellist. On this trip we drank "health water" from a natural spring, which, incidentally, tasted like a well known brand of health salts. On this trip we managed to climb part of the highest peak in this area, Mt. Carigon, 10 000ft.

On another trip we walked several miles along the cat walk at the bottom of the 1000-ft Gorge de la Fou, where in places the two walls were only four feet apart.

After several more days of coach trips, present buying, swimming, eating, acquiring a taste for the grape and getting to know the local female population, the time of departure arrived. A party of much browner, healthier looking boys, Mr and Mrs Collin, Peter, Anne and Mr Purvis bade farewell to our guide José, Lycée Arago and Perpignan and departed via French Railways for Paris.

Our destination in Paris, L'Institut Montagne, was reached in the middle of the night and to help matters all the lights had fused.

After dragging ourselves out of bed the same morning we found the Institut had a juke box and a few English records which became rather worn during our stay. A hasty coach trip took us all around the Parisian "sights" that day; Sacré Coeur, the Eiffel Tower, L'Arc de Triomphe, the Louvre, Montmartre and all the other places. Several hours were spent that afternoon on a trip to the wonderful Palace of



From the Archives

Versailles which was a most interesting and inspiring visit.

The next morning we bade a sad farewell to Paris and began a very flat, uneventful trip home. We even got through Customs without mishap and after a most memorable holiday arrived in a very dull, drab London once again.

Dale Fort (1958)

Dale Fort was built in 1856 as one of a pair of forts to guard Milford Haven. Eleven years ago it was converted for use as a Field Centre organising courses in Geography and Marine Biology. For the past five years the School has sent a party of Sixth Form biologists to Dale Fort for one of these courses. This year, on Wednesday, 19th March, our party of six, headed by Mr Colombo, left Slough well-loaded for Paddington, where we embarked on the train for Haverfordwest. On arrival there six and a half hours later we were relieved of our heavy luggage, which was taken on to the Fort by van, and were taken by coach to the very small village of Dale. As the Fort is just over a mile from there and the only road to it too narrow for the coach to navigate, we had to walk the remainder of the journey.

On Thursday we started work, and made a survey of the plants of the sea-shore along Dale beach, taking specimens of most of them back to our own laboratory for identification and further study. Having acquainted ourselves with the plants, the following day we repeated the work on the animals. The weather then turned completely against us, and we found ourselves working in a wind of almost gale force.

On Saturday most of the party from Bristol University who were with us on the course unfortunately "mis-laid" their pyjamas and for the remaining nights had to sleep without them. We, however, were engaged on more important work investigating the zonation of the plants and animals on an exposed shore by means of a transect (which is the study of life down a fixed line of the coast).

Sunday was spent on a similar venture on a moderately sheltered shore. On this particular day one of our party was presented with a semi-dead slow-worm in his bed, which afterwards enjoyed a circular tour of others, narrowly escaping dissection.

Monday was spent digging in the sand and mud in and near the estuary of the River Gann, in order to obtain specimens of animals particularly adapted for a burrowing life. This, however, was only partially successful owing to the unusual height of the low tide.

On Tuesday, the last day for specimen collection, the wind dropped and the rain came. Undaunted, we went out to an exposed bay and examined and charted rock-pools which were very interesting because of the community of life in such a location. In order to reach the bay we had to climb over some rather awkward rocks, and more than one member of the party returned with wet feet.

The evening was spent packing specimens and preparing for the inevitable early start the following morning. At 7:30pm we assembled in the village and boarded the coach for the start of the long journey home - tired but the better for our experience.

Our thanks are due to all whose tolerance and help made the course so interesting, and particularly to Mr Colombo, without whom we would have been completely lost.

M. Dovey

From the Archives



Angling Society (1963)

The School Angling Society has had another very successful season. New members were numerous and match attendances have improved significantly. We have now joined the 'ton up' membership societies (having 107 members) and class ourselves alongside the Jazz Club and Student Christian Movement. R. Smith (third year) caught the biggest fish - a tench of 2 lbs 8 ozs. for which he won a trophy, and K. Elliott once again won the cup for gaining most match points. We felt that no one person was good enough to qualify for the wooden spoon, since the candidates were too many. We also have only one 'ducking' to report and Harman of the III Form took charge in that department! Once more we are indebted to Mr Howard for his patient guidance.

K. Elliott, I. Sturrock and C. Thurston represented the Society at the Thames Confederation Match in September and on a poor fishing day K. Elliott came sixth out of 250 anglers in his section. There was also a comparatively unsuccessful sea-fishing trip to Seaford (Sussex) on a very blustery day with a rough sea presenting poor conditions. A good time was spent by all participants, however. Matches in general have been further afield with several matches at Sonning and Thorney Weir and one at Alperton (Middlesex).

A camping/fishing holiday is planned for this summer holiday (Thursday 25th July-Thursday, 1st August) to the Hampshire Avon. Also, should interest justify it, a trip to Ireland is proposed to take place in a corresponding period next year. Here's wishing tight lines in the future!

D.M. Parsons

Houses of Parliament (1963)

On one of the coldest days of November a contingent of VIth formers stood outside the Houses of Parliament waiting for Slough's M.P., Mr Fenner Brockway, to take them on a conducted tour of the buildings. The party was shown round the House of Lords and walked in via the lobby where statues of past Prime Ministers stand, including that of the late Neville Chamberlain.

From the House of Commons, the party went into the old Great Hall of Westminster. During the Middle Ages this was an open market, which grew into a meeting-place, and finally became the court room of such trials as that of Warren Hastings and Charles I. To the right of Westminster Hall was an entrance leading to the crypt. Here everyone admired the ceiling and was interested to learn that Cromwell had insisted on it being white-washed.

After that the party dispersed for lunch, re-assembling at 1:45pm. The party was then split in two: the 'lucky' ones went with Mr Brockway and Miss Reakes to the House of Commons, while the rest went with Miss Haywood to the House of Lords. During the afternoon such interesting personalities as Lord Hailsham and Lady Summerskill put in an appearance, and it was most unfortunate that as our coach was already outside the party in the Commons had to leave, just two minutes before Mr Macmillan arrived to talk on the Vassal Spy Case.

The party would like to thank Miss Reakes and Miss Haywood for arranging the visit, and Mr Brockway for giving up valuable time to make it such an interesting experience.

Jacqueline Williams



Interviews

Interviews with an ex-teacher and 2 ex-pupils of the School conducted by present-day pupils.

Miss Saunderson - A Past Teacher at the School

Interview conducted by Chris Theobald & Jignesh Patel of 9T

Chris: Could you tell us when you were first employed at this school please?

Miss Saunderson: I went to teach at Slough High School in 1947.

Jignesh: Which subjects did you teach at the school?

Miss Saunderson: Geography was my main subject, I almost only taught that. Then there was a bit of R.E and General Studies, but that was mainly what I did.

Chris: Were you originally employed at the site at Twinchies lane or this site?

Miss Saunderson: I worked at Twinchies lane for 35 years altogether.

Chris: What can you remember of that site?

Miss Saunderson: It was a lovely school, on the same style as this one, but built 3 years later so any of the things that went wrong here had been ironed out by the time our School was built. My Geography room was on the ground floor, it had French windows which opened out onto what was the South Lawn, it was a lovely sunny piece of grass, and the staff used to sit on the lawn during the lunch break to get a bit of fresh air.

Jignesh: What was the school's reputation like when you joined, and how did it progress?

Miss Saunderson: Well, its reputation was very high and strangely enough we were always known as Slough High School's young ladies; which was a term of compliment, and that was actually coined by the chairman of the governors, who happened to be a very strong Labour supporter. And you would expect that she would want a comprehensive system, but in fact she didn't and we found her most supportive, and helpful; she did not like it if the school ever let itself down.

Chris: What were your feelings towards the merger of the two schools together into this one School?

Miss Saunderson: Unhappy I have to say, we knew that something had to be done because rolls were falling so far in Slough, and we were certainly happier that it was with the boys school with whom we had first started, before the two schools were split in 1936. But the fact remained we did not like the thought of having to leave our own lovely school and buildings and come up here to this unknown quantity as you might say.

Jignesh: Do you think the merger was for the best?

Miss Saunderson: Well I suppose you could say it was, looking back on it with hindsight I must say that I think some of us got a pretty raw deal at the time but it seemed the best that could have been done at the time. But I really think in some ways that we should have made more fuss than we did about what we found when we got up here.

Jignesh: So what do you think about mixed teaching groups?

Miss Saunderson: In some ways I think they're good, in some ways I think they are poor, because I will say I think some of the girls were marginalised by coming up here; for instance, you would find the boys in the middle section of the class room, you would find the girls scattered around the edges. We had had a very high reputation for all our Science subjects, and I'm not so sure that they were so highly considered when we came up here. That's only my personal view remember, I'm not speaking

Interviews



for what the Science staff would necessarily say. In some ways it was very good the merger, it certainly gave us a chance at other subjects that we hadn't been able to run at the High School like economics for instance, and I think it opened up other opportunities that they hadn't had before. Particularly opportunities for other things; there was more emphasis given to Oxford and Cambridge entrance than we had at the High School.

Chris: Did you feel uncomfortable moving into a new building with new staff and colleagues?

Miss Saunderson: Oh yes, it was very curious, this might strike you as an exceedingly curious example to give but going into the staff room and having to battle to find a place to sit and wanting to throw waste paper away and looking around for the waste paper basket which was in a completely different place to where it had been in the high School. It was very friendly, we weren't enemies, but it certainly was very different. And in particular, I had lost my very good Geography room at the High School, it was taken away from me and turned into the Home Economics room. And looking back at it now, I should really have made more of a fuss about that. I had a room upstairs, but I didn't have half the facilities for storing books and things of that kind that I had had in the High School.

Jignesh: Did the school appeal to you to come here?

Miss Saunderson: No I wasn't appealed to we were all interviewed and we had to say whether we wanted to come, or if we wanted to take early retirement; people of my age that is. I was nearing retirement age anyway. I could've retired early, but I felt I had to come and defend the girls' interests because I knew what would happen to a large extent and I thought they would be, as I've already said, marginalised, so I applied to come up here. And to my great surprise I was appointed head of department still up here, which I had not expected at all, but because I was asked to be head of department I certainly felt I should come up here, and as I said, see to the girls. One year we were on two sites, there was still half the school left at the High School, and half had come down here already so we were travelling between the two sites. The timetable was magnificently organised, but it was very hairy; for instance, on Tuesday morning I was teaching at the High School until 11:00am and by 11:20 I had to be down here to be ready to teach my two forms after break so I had to leap into a car or taxi, whichever it was, and come roaring down here. There was hardly time to draw breath, and certainly no time for any break. And then I would get into the staff room, and all of the staff who wanted to ask me questions flew upon me and asked me things like, 'Can you do this?', or, 'What about that?'. I hardly had time to breathe, and then I was teaching again, and I had to carry a load of books to make sure I had the right thing in the right place at the right time. As I say, the timetable was extremely well organised, but things were still very difficult. Then on Thursday I would start off here and go to the High School in the afternoon, but apart from that I was at the High School.

Chris: Did you notice any changes in the attitudes of the girls towards work and school?

Miss Saunderson: Yes, downhill all the way with some of them. They changed over at a rather awkward age, and had certainly begun to notice boys and some of them were really rather silly. And I must say that the boys were not necessarily bullying the girls, but they weren't at all kind to them, they would pinch their books and pencils and I really was horrified by their attitudes in many ways. I felt that I had to defend the girls. They got used to it in time, but I didn't think that was a very good thing at all.

Jignesh: How do you think the pupils took the merger?

Miss Saunderson: Reasonably well, a lot of them were very sad to be leaving the High School, but it was something you got used to. What had happened really was, as in many cases, when it is rumoured



Interviews

that a school is going to close, whether it's true or not, parents stop sending their children to that school. So our numbers were going down substantially. But most of our parents and staff were very loyal. The staff didn't leave in large numbers so the pupils had continuity of staff so that helped. Pupil numbers were going down throughout Slough, but they went down with us more because we were closing.

Chris: What were the head teachers like, were they disciplinarian or not?

Miss Saunderson: Well, it was a very difficult situation. In my time at the school we had Miss Crawford who was a very famous and respected person in the community. She retired and was replaced by Miss Owen, very different, they had different attitudes towards the staff and girls, and that was a happy time. Unfortunately she became ill and died and then Miss Wrates was appointed to the headship, and she had to see the merger through so there were lots of meetings for her between the two schools. She operated a best practice policy, what seemed best for the school should be done in the school. So there was a lot of negotiation going on here at the time.

Chris: What measures were taken against pupils that broke laws?

Miss Saunderson: At the high school we had bad marks and detentions, but pupils were seldom in detention. If they received three detentions, then they were called up by the head for her to see what was going wrong. We did have one year some highly disruptive girls, who were put in a separate room on their own and supervised, where they went, what they did and how they did it. But we were very lucky, discipline was not a problem.

Chris: Did you find that the attitude and degree of work changed or went up as the country recovered from the war?

Miss Saunderson: Yes, you could say it did, we were all looking towards a new Britain and people buckled down to their work because they always thought they were able to be at school while others were having to fight for them elsewhere, but when you got more staff coming back into school more time could be given to the youngsters than at war time. People did work hard. Miss Owen used to say that the girls with their school work and homework worked a great deal harder than their fathers who had perhaps an eight hour day.

Jignesh: How were teaching practices affected during the war?

Miss Saunderson: I wasn't then at the High School of course, I was myself a pupil, but certainly with us we had a reduced staff and they had to work far harder and also they were having to do things outside their school hours, and every person in the country had to do some voluntary work of some kind like being an ARP warden, or a nursing volunteer or something of that sort. Everyone was working hard. Certain types of staff were exceedingly hard to find; for instance, French speakers and particularly German teachers, in translating work and BBC jobs and things like that. So it was very hard to get people to teach German, for instance, although it was a strong language in the school, as they just weren't available.

Chris: Was there any resentment towards German teachers during the period after the war?

Miss Saunderson: No, we had a German assistant, but there wasn't any resentment, the war was over and you had to learn to live and work with them again. In fact Buckinghamshire, which we were a part of then, had a policy of bringing over teachers from Germany, to show them the English system of working and teaching, and how we taught things like history, which was not propaganda as it had been largely in Germany. I remember German teachers coming into my class and they were very surprised

Interviews



at our attitudes towards our pupils and the free passage between pupils and teachers, not disrespectful but an ease of working together, it was not as highly disciplined as the German system was.

Chris: Did you have any expulsions during your period at the high school?

Miss Saunderson: I can't remember any. We certainly had some pupils going off to other schools, but that wasn't as easy as it had been when I was in London, because there weren't as many schools that had comparable quality. When I came up here, exclusions rather than expulsions, we certainly had more of than at the high school but that was about the boys and not the girls.

Jignesh: Do you have any anecdotes from the high school?

Miss Saunderson: What kinds of anecdotes do you have in mind?

Jignesh: Anything related to the school.

Miss Saunderson: Some of the girls were extremely good at playing April Fools jokes, particularly a group called PNs, they were pre nurses and not eleven plus entries. They came in to the school when they were thirteen and were supposed to become nurses, so they followed a separate course and had special lessons for nursing subjects like infant welfare and anatomy which they had to do, and were taught by a doctor... but they were especially good at something like one group saying, 'Miss Saunderson! Miss Saunderson! Come to the cloakroom at once, someone's having a terrible fit.' I would leave the class room, dashing down to the cloakroom. They would have a body most realistically arranged on the floor and they were all around it and when I came to see what was going on they all stood up and said 'April Fools!' These girls did these quite often. The other April Fools were mostly like turning the desk around and hiding the chalk and putting the board rubber somewhere but nothing too difficult.

What about things like school cruises? Would you like to hear about them?

Chris: A few things.

Miss Saunderson: Ships which were no longer needed to carry troops when the war had ended, were surplus to requirements. It was up in Scotland where they first conceived this idea of adapting ships to be school ships and what they would do is to arrange a cruise to somewhere in the Mediterranean and the youngsters when they were on board would have lessons and then go off the ship and do a particular trip like to Athens or Lisbon. Once these cruises proved a success in Scotland they were introduced to English schools. A few pupils, not to my knowledge, went on these and came back with such good tales about their experiences on the ship, that Miss Owen suggested we went on one. In those days we used Southampton as the port. It was a tedious and rough journey, and later on they cut down the length of time. I took several parties. In fact when I came up here Mr. Rogers and I were supposed to be taking a trip, but that was just at the time of the Falklands War and the trip was cancelled, so I never did one with Mr. Rogers. We'd done all the work, all the preparation, got in all the money and so on, but it was cancelled as they were going to use the ships to carry troops.

Chris: How long did you spend away from school after leaving it before you became a teacher here?

Miss Saunderson: I didn't spend any time away, I went from University to teacher training, and I came to the high school straight from there. Teachers were in great demand after the war and we had only been allowed to go to University because we were going to be teachers, otherwise we would have gone into the forces. When we came out in 1947 there were jobs going and we were needed to fill those posts. It used to be said that if a school had got more than six changes of staff at any one time that there was something badly wrong with the school, but in fact when I went to the High School it



Interviews

was not the case, there were a lot of changes, about six or seven of us came on to the staff at the same time; not all new teachers, some had been teaching for a while. But that was because the time had come for some staff to leave to get married and some because the time had come for them to change their job as they perhaps needed to do.

Jignesh: Were there any other school trips you went on other than the cruise?

Miss Saunderson: Yes, there was a school camp called Shorthills still in existence, where we used to do things like Rural Studies, and it was very weary because you had this long dormitory, with the youngsters in it, and the staff had little partitions at the end of the row, and if the pupils didn't want to go to sleep you were awake half the night because they were chatting and giggling. As a Geography teacher I used to take field studies with my Sixth Form Geographers and I used to take them to Juniper Hall which is near Dorking for a week, and we'd have concentrated studies there and a lot of walking, mapping and then we used to go down to the coast and do some studies there. And the other thing is we went to Buckinghamshire and took over a school that was no longer needed as a school, Pitstone. We used to go up there for a day and do studies of the chalk area and the chalk pits around there and look at the corrosion on the church because of the acid where they were making the cement from the chalk and we would look at the flowers and the plants and see what had happened. That was the time of Myxomatosis that killed the rabbits, and as they were killed off, it changed the nature of the downs. The rabbits had always chewed the hawthorn down very low, and when they were no longer there, it would spring up taller, and the grass and the wild flowers went and they were having to cope with that, so we watched all those changes taking place. I did also go on an exchange trip to Germany one year. The German teacher had an exchange group one year and I went with her. We took the children and then left them with the families they were going to stay with, and then we went off for a few days and then came back to see what the youngsters were doing and how their German had improved, and that was very interesting because that was the one and only time I have been down a coal mine. One of the fathers of one of the pupils asked whether we'd like to go down a coal mine, so I said, 'Yes please.' We wouldn't be allowed to do it nowadays because we hadn't got parents' permission to do it. We did say that if you don't want to go you don't have to, and we'll write to your parents to tell them we are going down a coal mine but it was totally safe. We had a very interesting time going down the mine, that was the equivalent of a new town in Britain, as the houses were rebuilt after the Second World War. I had to be silent though as my German was almost non-existent but by the end of the week I could understand what they were saying if I couldn't answer back. We went to Munster for a visit there but it was a very enjoyable adventure. In cases like that exchange visits are very difficult to arrange in some ways, because you've got two families exchanging. Perhaps some calamity happened in one family or the other; you've got to make very quick changes as to where the youngsters can actually stay in the place. We had to in those days also go by motor rail which took quite a long time. I remember waiting on Cologne station, when we were waiting to come back to England, and that was actually my birthday, and I was longing to tell everybody, 'It's my birthday, and here I am waiting on a station waiting to get back to England.' There were always other exchanges but they were mostly between individual pupils, and not in groups. We also had special day trips, like the Festival of Britain. The whole school went en mass by train up to London, across London to the site by the river side, by the South Bank where the theatre is and we spent the day there and I had a first form in those days, so I was detailed to the group going up the steps at the tube station and the station staff were stationed there to see that we were all O.K. I got to the escalator and a kind man looked at me with all the youngsters around me and said, 'Fine family you got there madam.'

Interviews



Mr Omer - A Past Pupil

Abridged version of Interview with Mr Omer, which took place on the 5th April 1996.

Were you at the school when it first opened?

Yes indeed, I began in September 1936.

Did you come to Slough Grammar when it was a boys' School?

Oh yes, in 1936 it was Slough Grammar, because in '36 what had been Slough Secondary School (a mixed school) split into Slough Grammar for boys and Slough High... I started when it had just split.

Were there any ceremonies or anything?

Nothing special, no.

So it just started as a school?

Yes.

What was your timetable like? What sort of lessons did you have?

Well in Form One, you would start with obviously Maths, English and Geography. We didn't do French or Latin in Form One, you didn't start that till Form Two.

Who was headteacher when you started at the school?

The headteacher was Mr Clark.

Was he nice?

Yes, he was a very pleasant person; very strict but very kind.

Is there any particular event which sticks in your mind very vividly?

There are numerous ones I remember... I suppose I obviously remember occasions in the war when we came and found the school closed in the morning because the fire service had been using it as accommodation to feed their people who had been up in London over night. That would have been in, I suppose, 1940, 1941, that time.

What was it like then during the war at school?

Things went off much as usual. All the windows were covered, criss-cross with this wide adhesive tape. There was an air raid shelter not far from where the new building work is going on at the moment.

So did you have to practise for filling the air raid shelter?

Oh yes, on a few occasions... because at Langley they were making the Hawker aircraft so it was something of a target.

So did you have to carry gas masks?

Oh yes, we had to.

So did you actually have to use the air raid shelter at any point or were the only times when you went in just drills?

No, there were two or three occasions when there was an alert and we had to take refuge.

When you were at school was the cane still around?

Oh yes indeed! Friday morning was departers' morning. And every morning we had assembly in the main hall which has now been converted into classrooms... there was quite a ceremony. We had to



Interviews

assemble at about five to nine picking up a hymn book as we went in. The first three forms would be looking at the stage on the right hand side and the upper school was on the left hand side. The prefects and sub-prefects would sit just under the stage, looking at the school. The senior members of staff would enter from the staff-room and come up on to the stage and then at five to nine on the dot the Headmaster, Mr Clark, would come in at the back of the hall and would walk down the centre (we all stood obviously), with his gown flowing behind him. We would always start with a very brief hymn and a prayer, and any announcements and so on. But Friday was a sort of solemn morning and he used to summon departers to his study. Oh yes I do remember one particular thing; when I was in the Sixth Form, a friend of mine went in on Friday morning to deliver a message and before he knew it, he was having the cane administered to him. Thursday night was detention which meant staying behind. But Friday morning was when we had to produce our journals in which we kept a weekly record of marks, tests and any conduct marks.

We still keep them nowadays.
Do you really?

Yes we call them school diaries

We had to take them and have them counter-signed by our parents. I must say that I very soon learnt how to forge both my parents' signatures... To this day I can still do it.

What was your uniform like?

I shall never forget this. The winter uniform was a grey suit with a white semi-stiff collar, detachable. One of the first things I had to learn before I came to this school was how to fix a semi-stiff collar to my shirt. The summer uniform was a blazer... a real blazer with a white open neck shirt, much the same really.

What about school caps?

School caps were obligatory coming to and from school; absolutely obligatory.

Not in school?

No, but all the teachers wore gowns.

Was there a severe punishment if you were caught not wearing your cap?

It was a fairly serious offence. No one would dare appear up Lascelles Road not wearing their cap, or on the way to and from School.

Interview conducted by John Sparrow and Sarah Hicks.

Interviews



Interview with Mr Roy Turvy

How was the school during the war?

There were lots of restrictions. The canteen food was adequate but the rations were small. The sweets in the canteen were sticky buns, jam tart and other sweets, and you could also get 1/3 pint bottles of milk.

Often air-raids interrupted the schooling, and the air-raid shelters were near the playing fields.

The teachers were mixed between senior staff (those that were retired but came back to teach) and one or two who were unable to fight.

Mr Turvy was in the A.R.P. (Air-Raid Prevention) for three years, and when there was an air-raid he had to go out on his bicycle with a tin-hat and gas mask making sure all the lights were out.

There were two hours of homework on weekends but often Mr Turvy could not complete this due to his A.R.P. work.

The windows were all covered in brown sticky tape to prevent the glass from falling in if there was an explosion. Twice they had to dive under their desks quickly because of the bombs being dropped, at one time at the end of Lascelles Road.

Everything was in short supply. After three years of waiting a Geography teacher received a large black globe of the world and it was attached by a cord from the ceiling of his Geography room. It wasn't long until one of the boys accidentally loosened the cord and let the globe fall and break.

Lines were not often given because of the shortage of paper. All the staff had nick-names; the headmaster was known as "Nobby" and the deputy was known as "Bendy".

The head at that time was Mr Clarke, MA, who took the assemblies.

One of Mr Turvy's jobs was to wash spuds in a cauldron. This gave the soubriquet 'spud basher' to anyone who partook in this job.

What were the classrooms like?

They all had separate desks, and used ink pens that were dipped in the inkwells on each desk. Fountain pens were rare. The punishment was "short and sharp on the backside" as Mr Turvy puts it. Lines and detention were sometimes given as well.

The stone steps along the corridor from the head's office were used as rump-cooling steps to ease the pain of the cane. Mr Turvy says that the masters used to laugh - they always knew why you were there!

In the games, two brothers, the Ford brothers, were unbeatable in all events apart from the long and high jump, which was nearly always won by a European refugee who was 6'2" tall and came from a town called Mraz. The school got many evacuees from London, especially the 'roughs' of the East End.

The subjects were: Geography, Chemistry, Biology, French, Latin, English, Art, History, Arithmetic, Algebra and Manual Work (which was woodwork). They repaired broken furniture for woodwork.

Our particular pupil, Mr Turvy, enjoyed Art, Maths, Woodwork, French and English, although in Art he didn't like doing the strange Picasso-style modern art, so he had to sit and draw steps instead. He also did not like chemistry.



Interviews

The pupils never took the day off for any reason, but they were sometimes late because the bus was late. They had to give their names as they went in through the gates.

Mr Turvy's favourite teacher was one Mr Joe Purvis. Once a sadistic woodwork master threw a chisel at a boy who had been annoying. Mr Turvy's least favourite teacher was a grim piece of work who taught Maths.

One particular master, Mr Leftwitch, or "Lefty", had a peculiar feminine-sounding voice. As a joke they covered his bike with daisies all chained together. In spite of pranks like these, they never did any deliberate damage to anyone's property.

Some of the events Mr Turvy still remembers were when he was told to copy a piece of carving for art, got half-way through and found he had the paper upside-down. One Chemistry lesson the master had taken some Phosphorus for an experiment and had accidentally left it out in direct sunlight. It started to smoulder, and eventually the whole lab had to be evacuated because of the fumes.

He joined the Army Cadet Force, found he didn't like it, and attempted to 'escape'. He was caught and expelled from it anyway. Mr Turvy then went on to join the A.T.C. (Air Training Corp)

Television was stopped during the war, so the younger generation had to 'survive' on reading, making models, swimming and less wholesome activities such as playing on railway lines, scrumping fruit, causing havoc with catapults and going around in gangs. In spite of this, Mr Turvy tells us they had a deep respect for adults.

School dinners costed ½ crown a week, and 6d a day. Mr Turvy left at 16½ years old.

Sometime they used to go out with a Mr Luck, a P.T. teacher to pick plums, potatoes etc. at farms, which wasn't nice when the ground was frozen solid! They earned from 4d to 6d for a day's brussel sprout picking.

To raise money for a motorbike, he once bought some peanuts and paper bags, 'borrowed' some fruit from home and sold the resulting mix for 6d a bag at the school. Hungry pupils became a reliable source of income if ever he needed to buy something!

Daniel Wallis

Creative Work



Witches' Brews

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Scale of snake, fur of cat;
Tongue of lizard, eye of bat.
Breath of maiden, sweet and fair;
Claw of dragon from its lair.
Spider's web fresh and new
To complete the hellish stew.

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire and burn and cauldron bubble.

Bile of dog, bladder of mouse;
Lung of fox, shell of louse.
Wart of warthog, slime of slug;
And just a drop of devil's blood.
Heart and soul of sacred priest;
Are the makings of our feast.

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Heidi Kubba

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble,

Fetch a slaughtered fin of shark,
Heart of sinner deep and dark,
Add to this some maggot sauce,
Poisoned kidney of a horse,
An eagle's egg of blood and bile,
Laughing hyena's half cut smile,
Add some mucus, mix with wine,
Nightshade roots, bits of twine.
Double, double, boil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble,
Frozen embryos, Satan's pleasure,
Goat's wine in generous measure,
Dragon's nostrils fired with heat,
Chopped up bladders and sugar beat,
Pig's intestine, liver and spice,
Grated squid and skulls of mice,
Serpent's fangs and panther's paws,
Devil's desire, sharpened claws,
Brains of good men sliced in half,
Stir it all, let evil laugh.

Hema Sankla

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Owl's talon, slimy snails,
Monkey's finger, dead rat's tails,
Wasp's sting, tangy bile,
Frog's head, fox's guile,
Bloodied dagger, beating heart,
Asp's venom, poisoned dart,
Devil's deed, lizard's chin,
Viper's fang, rotting skin.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Camel's spit, cow's dung,
Lion's mane, serpent's tongue,
King's sceptre, scorpion's sting,
Ghost's shadow, widow's ring,
Fish's eye, wolf's howl,
Tiger's tooth, devil's scowl,
Fly's wing, yak's phlegm,
Pond scum, hemlock stem,

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Leigh Gilson-Mills



Creative Work

Further Adventures of Graccius : The Baths

Graccius, the Basilica clerk, is enjoying another fine day of mediterranean weather in his Pompeii villa.

A thought enters his head : he hasn't been to the baths for ages! Yes, his mind is set, and he calls a servant to bring him a fresh toga.

Graccius fishes around his garments until he finds a coin, and hands it to the door-keeper of the baths. His admission paid, Graccius walks in with one of his slaves timidly following him. He goes straight to the palaestra, the exercising ground, and spends about half an hour exercising. He chats with some familiar faces in the palaestra; Anthrax the cattle merchant; Rabies the captain; and Typhoid the basilica assistant. Graccius fences with Rabies and wrestles with Typhoid. Being strong, he wins both events.

From here the four of them make their way to the apodyterium via a corridor. The four of them remove their clothes, and instantly four slaves, Mumbo, Jumbo, Billus and Bennis, come forward to take the shed garments and place them safely into niches in the apodyterium wall.

Meanwhile, the four men amble into the tepidarium and sit down on the benches placed there for them. It is warm and steamy in the tepidarium which provides a pleasant build-up to the actual baths.

After a while, the four move into the next room, the caldarium, which is even warmer than the tepidarium. The four sit, perspiring, in this room and chat about business.

Anthrax says that his beef prices have gone down due to disease in the cattle, but Rabies says his fish prices have risen by 100 denarii. Typhoid is an assistant judge at the Basilica and has no trends in his wages.

The men then decide to go to the climax of the visit; the hot baths. They lower themselves into the hot water, gently, and then just relax there for a while.

Billus, Bennis, Mumbo and Jumbo arrive with amphorae of olive oil and strigils in their hands. They rub the oil into the shoulders of the men soaping it off with the strigils.

Magnus arrives. He is the masseur here, and he persuades the men to try some of his handiwork. One by one, they lie on a marble slab while Magnus pounds their muscles.

After this they go to the frigidarium, the cool room. They jump into the cool water, and remark in uncivil Latin at how bracing it is.

Billus and Bennis arrive with warm towels, and rub the men down before they change back into their clothes and leave the Pompeii baths. Graccius bids farewell to his friends and then heads for home.

The baths were quite an important aspect of Roman life. As well as the baths, hot rooms and palaestra there were shops selling goods as well. The baths were used as places for business meetings as well as for relaxation.

The rooms and waters were heated by an underground furnace system, with fires and vents carrying the hot air around the rooms. This was known as a hypocaust system.

Daniel Wallis

Creative Work



Matella's diary

Today Grumio bought his freedom using the money we have been giving him. He has asked me and Caecilius to free him before but we refused. This time he had saved a lot of money so we agreed to free him.

This morning Caecilius went to the forum as usual, came home for lunch, went back again and returned with some friends. Grumio prepared the dinner for the last time ever in this house. Tears came to my eyes as I ate. Grumio is an excellent cook. We have given him so much love and tried so hard to make him feel like part of the family and I can't understand why he wanted to leave. I suppose it's his choice. He doesn't realise how lucky he is to have a master and mistress like us. I mean, my sister treats her slaves so badly. She punishes them for every little mistake they make. That is cruel.

When we had eaten, Caecilius gave Grumio the cap of freedom. Grumio shook hands and left. Now I shall have to look for another cook. Caecilius' friend recommended someone called Junius. His previous master had been very bad to him. I think that is terrible. Slaves are humans. It will be nice for Junius to stay with kind, generous people like us. He is quite intelligent and therefore will cost more money than any other slave. I shall have to discuss this with Junius' master tomorrow.

Grumio's diary

Today I was freed. I had saved a lot of money and Caecilius and Matella finally freed me. I am fed up with being a cook. I want to have a quiet peaceful life where I don't have to do chores all day. My master is very kind and I know my life could have been worse, but I just don't want to be a slave any more. I want freedom.

I was so happy when I was given the cap of freedom. I was born into slavery. My mother and father were also slaves for Caecilius' family and so were my grand-parents. But I have broken this pattern and have become free. I will probably move into the country as life is less rough there than in the city. I don't actually know how I will get a house but I will stay with my friend Marcus (also a freed man) until something is sorted out.

Issma Akhtar

A Visit to the Public Baths

After a long day at 'basilica', or law court, listening to people's testimony, charges and sentences I decided to get my poor, cramped, tired and aching body to the baths. I went with some of my friends who were 5 in number: Pontius, Messala, Taurus, Nero and myself, Caesar. As we were walking lazily towards the baths, we saw other men walking in groups as well. As we neared the baths we all took out of our purses a small admission fee to give to the man who was at the entrance gate.

After receiving the money he greeted us and showed us the way to the 'palaestra' : the exercise ground.

As my friends were doing some light exercises, I somehow luckily caught the sight of a very dear friend. My dear friend's name was Valerius. Valerius was about 33, about my age, tall with fair complexion and of muscular build. When he saw me he greeted me enthusiastically. He asked many questions, but they were short ones for he was in a rush. I felt I was a bit stupid not to ask him any



Creative Work

questions at all. Oh well, that's probably life! After finishing off some casual exercises, I went along to the 'apodyterium', or changing room. We removed all our clothes and some slaves came and placed our clothes in niches which were arranged in rows along the wall. We left the changing-room and came into a steamy, warm atmospheric room which was the 'tepidarium', the warm-room. Here we sat on benches and relaxed a little while we perspired, getting our bodies suited for the higher temperatures in the next room.

After sitting there for some couple of minutes, we went to the hot room which has a rectangular shaped swimming-pool in which I wallowed. The place that I and many other people were in was the 'caldarium'. This was my favourite place out of all the bath areas. It was almost near to being in mighty Jupiter's Palace. After a long time wallowing in the pool, I decided to have a nice, strong massage from a strong slave. That massage at least will soothe my aching limbs. So for a good hour I was massaged luxuriously. After this excellent massage my body felt very good. Then I called a slave to rub my body of all impurities.

While I was at this stage my friends were all ahead of me. They were all plunging into the cold room pool. They were in a room called the 'frigidarium'. It wasn't long before I was joining them in the cold room, splashing about merrily. Altogether now we had spent roughly 4 hours in the public baths. When we were all ready to go, we considered having a sneak around near the women's baths. We all laughed out loudly until we were bursting with tears. So off they went, those cheeky devils, but I didn't, for I had remembered I was getting late for supper and the mistress of the house - the mistress was in fact my wife - would be dead keen to find out why I was late. A few days later I heard a rumour that my friends were going to court and would be charged a maximum fine of 15,000 sestertii's.

I was the judge at that court and also a witness. I was laughing all day after the sentence had been passed on. As for my friends they were almost bankrupt!

Habib Hussain

Snow

The swirling swift wind howls,
As swishing snowflakes scatter,
Coating windows to a fuzzy frost.
Frost gathers on the hilltops,
White powder is sprinkled among the footpaths,
Animals fall into a deep slumbering sleep,
And children are huddled to the hearth of the fire-place.
The robin sings his mellifluous song,
While the cold storm rages on.

Rukshana Hussain

Creative Work



The Ferocious Fire

Fire is a ferocious fox,
Sly and red.
It creeps along the forest floor,
'Til other animals have fled.
Suddenly he sprints,
Over the forest floor.
Where once there was a mighty forest,
There isn't anymore.
Then the fox shrinks again,
Back to a flickering flame;
Slinks back to his candle again
And hangs his head in shame.

Vanessa Bull

A Twist in the Tale

I

It was a dull Autumn day, when the ground was covered in a sheet of crisp golden-brown leaves and the trees stood tall and bare.

A ragged old man with dark shades and a white stick sat lazily on the ground against a shabby brick wall. He placed a silver tin in front of him, and hoped that generous passers-by would kindly donate some money.

A man with a long dark coat, walking a large dog, wandered by and suddenly noticed something very strange. The man seemed to be reading a cut-off from a newspaper that someone had carelessly dropped. So the man walking the dog, walked by and asked, "Anything interesting in there?"

"No, no, I was just picking up the litter, it's bad for the environment!" replied the old man steadily.

"Well let me donate some money," announced the man with the dog and held out a coin in the palm of his hand.

"Two pence!" exclaimed the old man.

Hema Sankla



Creative Work

II

Mr and Mrs Jenkins had always taken their little girl on holiday to seaside resorts. They had been to Bournemouth, Southampton and Brighton.

"Where are we going on holiday this year?" the little girl asked her parents.

"We are going to have a change this year," replied her mother.

"That's right," continued her father proudly. "This year we are going to Gibraltar."

The little girl had never heard of Gibraltar before and asked, "Where's that? Is there lots to do there?"

"There's plenty to do there!" exclaimed her father. "And there's the Rock of Gibraltar"

So, for the next week until the holiday, the little girl heard of nothing else but the Rock of Gibraltar.

At last the day came, and it was really exciting. They finally arrived in Gibraltar, and the girl's parents pointed out the rock to her.

"Isn't it wonderful?" enthused her mother.

"But Mummy," said the little girl becoming tearful and puzzled. "Can't you eat it?"

Jasmine Childs

III

A man walked into a pet shop and strolled around inspecting all the fish carefully. After a while the manager came and asked if she could be of assistance.

"What type of fish do you sell?" the man inquired.

"We sell a range of goldfish, types of ghost carp..." she began.

"What type of fish is that?" the man asked pointing at a silvery fish. The fish shimmered as it swam, a mass of tiny bubbles floating up from its tail.

"That fish", the shopkeeper said proudly, "is a silver angelfish, an extremely beautiful fish. Do you think it is a beautiful fish?"

"It is a pretty fish!" the man said slowly.

"Do you like the fish then?" the shopkeeper asked.

"Immensely!" the man said with a slight smile.

"I prefer to have my angel fish in a tank in my bedroom, they are so relaxing," the shopkeeper said.

"Where are you going to have yours sir?"

The man looked at her smiling and said, "On a plate... next to the chips!"

Samantha Ford

Creative Work



A Storm at Sea

It was night, and the silver moon shone over the silent waters of the sea. Its shimmering rays covered the sea, revealing the secret pathway of the moon. It was eternally there, never gone, offering another world beyond.

In the distance lay a small, dirty tug-boat, gently bobbing up and down.

The surface of the water was like a broken mirror, scattering chinks of broken light everywhere. There was hardly a ripple in sight.

Then suddenly in the distance, there was a roar. It was a terrible screeching, and deafening noise. The sound was like a gigantic saw, dividing the world in half.

A bolt of lightening flashed across the sky. The sound of thunder was an explosive boom.

The wind quickly gathered speed and was roaring, screeching, pounding, blowing in strong currents. It was like an aggressive animal, freed from a cage - screaming and hissing.

The sea was now a ruthless, savage and pitiless animal.

The crashing surge of the waves swept the tiny tug-boat. They showed no mercy for anything that came in their path.

The raging and possessive sea, boiling and churning, was like a hungry dog, devouring the small boat.

The wind blew even stronger, making the waves even larger. There was no stopping the ferocious sea. Rain was gushing in torrents, hitting the surface of the murky sea.

The sea was pounding on the boat so hard that it fell onto its side. The waves leapt up onto the boat with great energy, and engulfed it.

Eventually, the sea won the battle, and the boat slowly disappeared out of sight...

The fierce and vicious sea raged and howled all through the night, whilst the serene and placid moon looked on.

In the early hours of the morning, slowly but surely, the wind dwindled away, the sea died down, the rain stopped falling and the grey clouds disappeared.

The water was once again calm and silent. The sea gulls swiftly swooped down and skimmed the surface of the water.

The sun shone its way through the remaining clouds and the multi-coloured rainbow appeared...

Bindya Patel

Mango

I am a big juicy Mango,
Let me and your tongue do the Tango,
Give me a kiss
And we'll do the twist
While my juice makes your taste buds fandango.

Marcus Ward



Creative Work

Stormy Seas

I sat beneath the dirty shelter on the pier, watching the still sea. The first sign that there was to be a storm was the distant roll of thunder. At first it was so far away that I could just about hear. "Nothing to look forward to," I thought. "Definitely no storm - unfortunately!" Then I looked up and saw the menacing clouds overhead, gathering together, promising a savage storm.

The first raindrops fell shortly afterwards. The heavy, glass-like drops broke against the surface of the rippling sea and disappeared as thousands more beads of rain rushed downwards. The sky turned into a mass of driving rain and screeching, howling winds. The wind swooped over the surging seas, creating a fearsome wave. The wave was hauled towards the shore, screaming and writhing and was then abruptly dropped. It crashed against the walls of the cliffs, letting loose a deafening roar and spraying the beach with stinging, salty water.

The thunder was like a giant shuddering - an intense, resounding boom. Almost simultaneously came a piercing clap of lightning. The actual sound was painful - like the crack of a whip, but magnified a thousand times.

However, apart from the ear-splitting noise, the lightning was quite bewitching. For a split-second the whole beach was illuminated. Everything was as clear as if it were the middle of the day instead of a quarter past eleven at night. Every cloud was outlined in a streak of shimmering silver. It was magical - just that one second of brilliance before the darkness returned.

I could see the restless sea foaming and churning, devouring the unfortunate birds which dived too low. The smack of wave against wave was magnificent. The crash seemed to fill the world and reverberate between the sky and sea, the din slowly diminishing only to be renewed when more waves clashed.

The wind whistled over the furious sea and showered the pier with a mist of salt. I could taste the wet salt - a sharp, prickly sensation in my mouth. Then the heaving waves hit the shore, one last time. The water hissed up the beach, dragging debris with it, swallowing the sound and then retreated, taking cover in the vast blackness of the sea.

The now pitiful drumrolls of thunder tumbled back and the painful raindrops were reduced to a drizzle, leaving only the lonely and mournful wind in its wake. Like a child abandoned, the wind wailed above the almost deserted beach.

Navreet Sandhu

Lime

I am a sharp tangy lime,
Quite tropical in my origin,
My citrus zing
May give you a sting,
Especially in a glass with an orange in.

Balbir Sewak

Creative Work



The Doll with Straight Hair

In the toyshop there was every kind of toy you can think of - engines, motor-cars, dolls of all sorts, pandas, tops, ducks, dogs, pigs, dolls' houses - it was really a perfectly lovely place!

All the children went there to spend their Saturday pocket money, and on birthdays and before Christmas, mothers and fathers and uncles and aunts bought hundreds of exciting things in the shop.

On one of the shelves sat the dolls. You should have seen them! Big dolls and little dolls, dolls in blue frocks and dolls in red, white or yellow; sailor dolls, soldier dolls, baby dolls, grown up dolls; scores of them!

At the end of the shelf sat a little doll dressed in a blue overall. All the other dolls laughed at her. It was because she had straight hair! The hair of all the other dolls was very curly, except the baby dolls, and they had no hair at all!

"No wonder! Nowadays it's not the thing to have straight hair," said the golden-haired doll, scornfully. "You do look queer!"

"Even the golliwog has a nice curly wave in his black hair," said a sailor doll.

"And as for us," said the two little black dolls, "you couldn't put a pin in our hair without running it through a tight little curl!"

They certainly had curly heads. The little doll in the blue overall looked at them with envy. How she did wish she had curly hair too!

"You'll never be sold," said the soldier doll. "You'll be left on the shelf long after we have all gone to lovely homes to be played with."

"I wish I could get my hair curled," said the little doll, in the blue overall, with tears in her eyes.

"Well you can't," said the golden-haired doll. "It's terribly straight; I never did see such very straight hair in my life!"

"Sssshhh!" whispered the golliwog. "There is someone coming into the shop. It's an uncle I think!"

A big man came into the shop and the shop-girl hurried to serve him. He looked at the dolls, and the girl took down the golden-haired one and the other one with dark curls down her back.

"I'll take those," said the man. "They have such pretty hair, and I know my little niece will love them!"

Off he went with the parcel, and the toys turned to the little doll in the blue overall.

"What did we tell you?" they said.

"You will never get sold with that straight hair of yours!"

Now, that night, the little doll was very unhappy. She cried, and sat and thought and thought at the end of the shelf.

Whatever could she do to get rid of her straight hair?

Then she remembered that once she had seen the shop girl open a big drawer under the counter and it had contained a great many dolls' wigs: brown ones, golden ones, and red ones. The girl sold them for dolls whose hair had come off or got thin.

The wigs were stuck on to the dolls' heads and then they looked as fine as ever again.



Creative Work

Suppose the little doll went to the drawer and got a new curly wig for herself? She could put it on over her straight hair - and then she would look fine, and might be sold to a nice little girl.

So she slipped off her shelf and went to the drawer. It was open the tiniest bit. The little doll squeezed herself into it, and began to hunt among the wigs. She found one that seemed very curly indeed, and fitted it onto her head.

And then, that moment, she heard someone coming into the shop. The shop girl had gone hours ago. The man had come to look for something. He hunted around, found what he wanted, and was just going out when he caught sight of the drawer under the counter.

"How many times have I told that girl to keep that drawer shut?" he asked himself crossly. "We shall have mice making nests in the dolls' wigs again!"

He shut the drawer with a bang! and inside lay the little doll in the blue overall, frightened out of her life! She couldn't get out! She was in the dark! Oh dear, oh dear, this was a dreadful punishment for her because she had been naughty enough to think of getting a curly wig for herself! She cried tears all over the wigs. She pushed against the drawer, but it wouldn't open at all. She must just stay there, frightened and alone till someone found her.

She fell asleep on the wigs. She awoke the next day and heard people coming in and out of the shop. And then she heard a little girl's soft voice.

"I have come to choose something for my birthday. I think I will have a doll. Have you got one with straight hair like mine? All my dolls have curly hair, and I felt as if I would like a little doll that was like me. I would feel she was really my own little girl then."

The doll in the drawer could have cried with despair! However could she get out? The shop girl looked at the shelf of dolls and took some of them down. "These are all we have," she said. "They all seem to have curly hair. Not one has straight hair! Dolls always have curly hair now you know!"

"I know", said the little girl. "But it is so difficult to comb, you see. I couldn't tell you how many combs I've broken trying to comb out the tangles in my dolls' hair! Oh dear, I did so want a straight-haired doll. Haven't you got a straight-haired wig please, that I could let a doll wear?"

"No, I don't think so," said the shop girl. She pulled open the wig drawer and the little doll in the blue overall popped up her head and beamed all over her face as if to say, "Here I am!"

The little girl gave a scream of delight and took the doll up at once.

"She's got straight hair, and brown eyes like me, and she wears a blue overall like I do! Oh, oh, I must have this dear darling little doll!"

"I can't think how she got into the drawer," said the girl, puzzled. "She is two pounds miss. You can have her cheap because she's got straight hair."

"Oh, I love her!" said the girl in delight. She paid two pounds and went out of the shop carrying the doll in her arms, both of them as happy as can be.

"Well," said the golliwog in surprise, "it doesn't do to think that curly hair and silk frocks are always better than straight hair and blue overalls. I guess that little doll will be happier than any of us!"

Nitu Pannu

P.E. Report



P.E. Report

School sporting events have continued this term and, aided by some wonderful weather, many teams and individuals have turned in a lot of very good performances.

Athletics

Many athletes have taken part in the evening meetings at Eton Track. The climax of these meetings was the Slough District Athletics Championships which were held recently. The school's best performance came from Stephanie White (10S) who won the Year 10 Girls 200M. Congratulations to Stephanie.

Other notable performances included:

Jennifer Cail (8J) 3 rd 100m	Tishana Hodge (9T) 2 nd 100m
Hayley Beveridge (8HR) 3 rd 75m Hurdles	James Parry (9T) 5 th 200m
Daniel Wallis (8J) 2 nd 80m Hurdles	Liana Hitchings (9BI) 4 th 1500m
Mark McCarthy (8HA) 5 th 200m	Jo Mackrell (9BN) 4 th 800m

Well done to all those athletes who took part; the quality of performance of those who participated is increasing all the time. Who knows, we may well have a future Linford Christie or Sally Gunnell in our midst!

Cricket

Cricket teams from all years have been performing well, particularly the Year 10 team who as yet are undefeated. Their win over Burnham Grammar school was an excellent performance with Shahzad Baig (10S) scoring 75 runs and Zubair Nazir (10C) taking 3-11 and Faisal Choudhry (10C) 3-12.

The Year 9 Cricket team have had a mixed season so far; 2 losses and 1 win with 1 match abandoned due to rain.

Hussain took 3-21 against Langley Grammar, and Awran scored 21 as we lost narrowly by 14 runs in a high-scoring game. Another good bowling performance against Burnham Grammar School saw Hussain take 3-5 in a match SGS won quite easily by 6 wickets.

The Year 8 team lost narrowly to Wexham by 2 wickets with good bowling performances from Jashil Benawra (8HR) who took 3-24 and Bilal Malik who had figures of 2-15.

Rounders

The Year 8 and 9 Girls played two rounders matches against Herschel Grammar School recently and despite playing very well both teams lost narrowly. Still, winning isn't everything and no doubt both teams enjoyed the competition.

Mr Theodoulides



Prize Winners

Year 8

Edward Sirr
Sharonjeet Bahra
Bindya Patel
Rabya Sayed
Oliver Reader
Gurinder Jandu
Navreet Sandhu
Navdeep Daheley
Anand Verma

Year 9

Sukhwinder Dhillon
Barinder Chana
Leigh Gilson-Mills
Kiranjit Rai
Julia Short
Christopher Young
Jasmine Childs
Rajbir Purewall

Year 10

Hannah Lewis
Aysha Raja
Saima Choudhry
Sanjay Verma
Wajiha Hamid
Lindsey O'Grady
Pavan Gogna
Aneeka Ahmed

Ian Bailey Memorial Prize

Michelle Wells
Julia Short

Year 11

For Performance at GCSE

Adnan Akhtar
Sandeep Das
Ranjana Dua
Francis Jeeves
Belina Mann
Gary Picking
Vanita Sharma
Preetika Verma

Year 12

Amina Ahmed
Israr Ahmed
Shawana Araf
Rachel Aslett
Kulvinder Bahra
Kamran Bhatti
James Delves
Chetna Gohil
Ishrat Khawji
Manjit Lall
Bilal Mughal
Yasmin Sidhu
Gurpreet Vassan
Vicki West

Year 12

Subject Prizes for A-level and BTEC

Art	Saima Sheikh
BTEC Business and Finance	Arpna Verma
BTEC Travel and Tourism	Ramandeep Dhillon
Business Studies	Zainuba Dhanji
Biology	Sachin Varma
Chemistry	Sachin Varma
Computing	Surjit Bhachu
CDT	Harpreet Suri
Economics	Angeli Arora
English	Emma Mold
Geography	Jenay Abeyta
History	Angeli Arora
Modern Languages	Emma Sparrow
Music	Sonia Sidhu
Physics	Deepak Saini
Psychology	Randeep Randhawa

Head Boy	John McGrath
Head Girl	Nabeela Mughal

Service to the School

Maninder Sidhu

Contribution to School Sport

Claire Richardson
Zahir Rahman

The Brian Purkiss Memorial Prize (for Service to the School in Sport)

Tahir Dad

Gallery

Hannah Lewis, Guranjeet Purewall,
Guranjeet Matharu, Christian Furniss







